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Edited by AUSTIN HARRISON

MAY 1915

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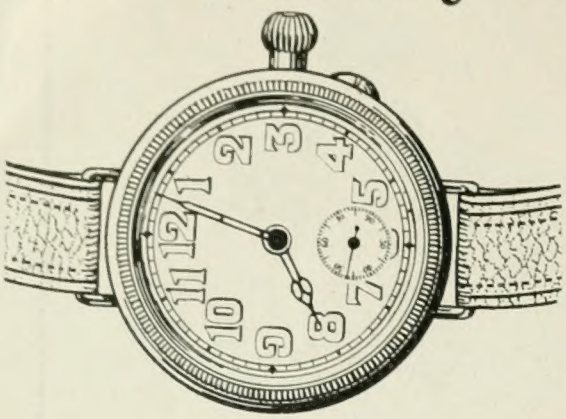

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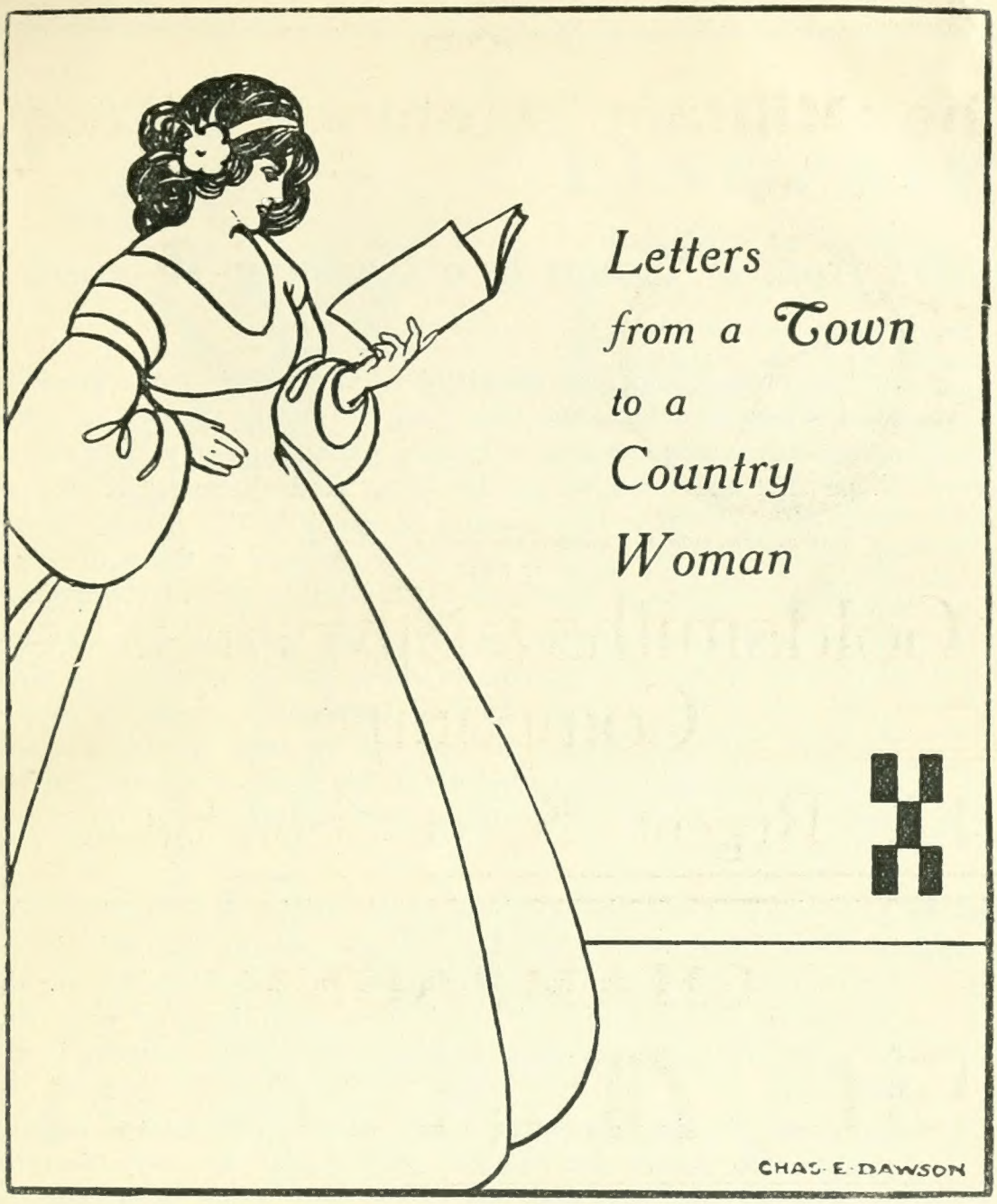

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It having been brought to the notice of Messrs. PAQUIN, Ltd., that certain persons are endeavouring to dispose of gowns as genuine Paquin Models which are not authentic, it is found necessary to inform the public that the only address in London at which the creations of the House can be obtained is 39, DOVER STREET.

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Letters from a Town to a Country Woman

At the present moment Shopland is very much more attractive than it has been for some time past, as during the last month or so the threatened changes in fashion have assumed such a definite shape that the windows of the West End shopping centres are filled with novelties, the majority of which hold a special interest for women buyers who just now are engrossed in the replenishing of their wardrobes in readiness for the bright Summer weather.

Perhaps the most attractive of all the new goods are the novelties that come under the heading of those dainty etceteras of dress which add so much to the finished appearance of the Woman of Fashion. For this season nothing will be more conspicuous than all manner of frills and furbelows in the form of coatees, sashes, fancy-tunics, vests, neck ruffles, and collarettes of every sort and description.

A Novel Coatee and a Fancy Sash

¶ Quite the best selection of these fancy articles at present on view are to be found in the Made Lace Department at Harrod's Stores, where one comes across a multitude of artistic trifles of this description, the majority of which have been designed and made by a Parisian expert who is scoring a sensational success in this direction.

One very pleasing article is a new black *glacé* coatee of quite exceptionally smart and effective style, which has been designed for wearing over the new full skirts, and which is suitable for both indoor and outdoor wear. Although the smartness of these little slip-on coats, which are worn over a net, tulle, or chiffon blouse, and take the place of the ubiquitous sports coat, lies for the most part in their perfectly plain cut and their somewhat severe lines, this particular model is rendered very elegant by the addition of a novel sash-belt, which is worn loosely knotted behind in a very new fashion, and forms the sole trimming. In this same department one also finds a quite new trimming in the form of a deep swathed sash-belt shaped in such a clever fashion that although it is made of folds of black taffeta silk, the lines are so gracefully manipulated that, wearing it, even the stoutest figure looks lithe and slender, the hip line being wonderfully graduated so as to produce a slight effect. Falling from the bottom of this sash is a deep tunic frill of tulle or net of fashion-

Crêpe-de-Chine night-gown, with hand embroidered Greek key border—in pink, sky, ivory and black, **45/9**

Lace boudoir cap, with ribbon roses, **23/9**

LINGERIE

A NOTE *by* GISÈLE

LINGERIE of distinctive and exclusive design, exquisitely fine but not too fragile, is not easy to find. There is at Marshall's, however, a great array, in short, something to suit every woman of taste and fashion. The prices too are emphatically not extravagant. The "gown" and boudoir cap sketched I find attractive, but there are probably other designs which will please you more. There are the latest things in trousseaux, the new Frou-Frou underskirts and—well, come and see them !

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able fulness, which, worn over an ordinary narrow skirt, does wonders toward bringing last year's day or evening gown up to date, and giving it a really fashionable appearance.

New Neck Wear de Luxe

¶ The same touch of Parisian *chic* which distinguishes both these garments is likewise noticeable in some very smart new black *glacé* and *moiré* silk collarettes or neck ruffles which possess just that touch of real elegance which is so often lacking in the neckwear one sees so lavishly displayed in many London shops. The majority of these ruches are formed of double frills of silk tied behind with a big made bow, or a slanting loop and end of somewhat exaggerated proportions, but which, nevertheless, look anything but grotesque when worn. These collarettes impart a really smart finish to the most ordinary coat and skirt or tailored costume, and add a great deal to the effect of a plain visiting toilette.

Even more graceful and becoming are some high-necked black taffeta stock collars finished off with a wonderfully graceful white lawn flare collar of the latest design and small proportions, the latter framing the face and defining the line of the chin in the most piquant style—imparting a wholly novel effect, and one that is a very pleasing change from the low-necked vests and collarless blouses which the best-dressed women are fast discarding.

The Bed-Jacket Opera Wrap

¶ Frills and furbelows of every description are likewise largely coming into use with evening toilettes, and amongst the many novelties which may well be deemed sensations of the coming season are some exceedingly dainty coatees made of pale-hued ninons trimmed with very light, fleecy swansdown and big bows of soft satin ribbon. Although sold as theatre and restaurant wraps, these undoubtedly owe their origin to the elaborate bed-jackets worn by the fashionable invalids of to-day. Reaching barely to the hip line, these charming coatees are made with simple looped sleeves and shawl-like draperies bordered with swansdown and carried out in delicate tones of pale blue, pink, mauve, or pale tones of yellow and apricot, and they certainly make ideal theatre wraps for quite young girls, and will be very largely used during the coming Summer months, taking the place of heavy opera-wraps and restaurant cloaks.

The Latest Lingerie

¶ Coloured ninon of delicate tones is also being used to make the newest and most fashionable underclothing, for apparently the day is long past when one fashioned lingerie of fabrics suitable and strong enough to withstand the damaging effect of the modern steam laundry. Now all such garments go to the French cleaners or are very carefully washed in luke-warm water or petrol at home, being ironed and got up with the same care as real lace or finest embroidery. Needless to say, lingerie of this description is particularly beautiful and excessively dainty. Indeed, the modern nightdress is so much a thing of beauty that it vies with delicate evening gowns in its daintiness of design and elaboration of trim-

ming. Only the very faintest shades of pale-coloured *crêpe de Chine* or triple ninon are used to make such garments, the *décolletage* being trimmed with insertions of fine net or embroidery, consisting of miniature nosegays worked in very narrow coloured *bébé* ribbon resembling the Marie Antoinette embroidery that enriched so many evening toilettes last season.

Printed ninon and transparent silk radium is also used for the making of nightdresses, which come as a welcome change from the lace and hand-embroidered cambric of yesterday: while entire lingerie sets carried out in pale mauve and delicate yellow ninon are the latest fad of the fashionable world.

A New Dividing Petticoat

¶ This new and sensational lingerie which has enjoyed so great a vogue in Paris, and is now being introduced to Englishwomen by Messrs. Debenham and Freebody, has the merit of being purely British-made, although the beautiful models from which each garment is copied give every evidence of having been designed by Parisian experts.

This same firm has also introduced a new and very dainty divided petticoat, which is especially adapted for wear with the fashionable full skirt. This takes the form of long petticoat knickerbockers made of ninon and cut with a flat yoke over the hips, each leg being made with three tier frills of wide width lace flouncing, which narrows down to the ankles, the flounces being finished off with bands of ribbon and a rosette bow, the latter imparting a very dainty effect.

While very light and clinging, this petticoat is very comfortable to wear, and supplies just the right amount of warmth that the new full skirts lack. Sketches of this new type of petticoat can be supplied to all who wish to see it, and it is stocked in black as well as all the most delicate and dainty shades of colour.

Embroideries for Summer Frocks

¶ But although coats and skirts are in favour at the present moment there is not the slightest doubt that as soon as Whitsuntide is over one will see the return of those fresh-looking white washing dresses which are so particularly well adapted to the present fussy "Victorian" modes. To trim these all manner of lovely lingerie embroideries and fine laces will be used; indeed, dressmakers are already buying large stores of this kind of trimming so as to be ready for the first sign of hot weather. Perhaps the great thing about these flounced dresses is that they can so easily be made at home and by the "little dressmaker," who is reaping such a rich harvest just now.

Those who are contemplating the manufacture of this popular form of Summer toilettes will do well to write to Messrs. Steinmann's, of Piccadilly, the leading British firm, who make a speciality of supplying not only the most comprehensive stock of embroidery flouncing of every width, but who also have the biggest show of modern and antique laces to be found in London at the present moment. Owing to the War this firm have an

exceptional stock of Belgian laces, which they are disposing of at sale prices during the next few weeks.

Poplin for Coats and Skirts

¶ Where dress itself is concerned, there is little to add, for although there is a promise of a short London season and a limited amount of entertaining in the near future, the majority of women still refuse to order anything in the way of ultra-elaborate day or evening dresses, preferring to remain faithful to quiet restaurant dresses for the evening and coats and skirts for street wear. One is, however, beginning to tire of simple serge and covert coating costumes, which are now being used strictly for the country or for morning wear in Town; while bengaline, taffeta, and *möiré* silk costumes have been so lavishly copied by the ready-made trade that the best tailors and dressmakers have experienced some difficulty in deciding what fabric they should use for costumes of this description, which have to do duty for smart visiting toilettes this Summer.

A happy solution has resulted in the adoption of some very beautiful new Irish poplin introduced by the Irish Warehouse in Regent Street. This is made in all the newest colours, and is very much softer and far more attractive than the old-fashioned variety, which always had an elderly appearance, and was liable to be stiff and difficult to manipulate. The new poplin, however, is as soft and as uncrushable as the very best chiffon velvet, and has a wonderfully bright and lustrous finish; what is more, it is made in a particularly wide width, which renders it especially adaptable for the making of the new skirts and the fashioning of the present up-to-date coats which must be cut out of wide material if they are to sit well over the shoulders.

An Improved Sailor Hat

¶ Writing of Summer fashions reminds one of the fact that during the past week a large consignment of Summer hats has arrived, and is now on show in the Millinery Department at Messrs. Gorringe and Co. The most pleasing thing about all this new millinery is the return of the ever-becoming sailor hat in a particularly attractive guise. This is a somewhat broad-brimmed sailor shape, which has a slanting crown slightly dented in at one side and a most becoming brim, which is a little bit wider on one side than the other, the only trimming being a band of wide ribbon velvet which exactly matches the colour of the straw, that for the most part is confined to the lovely pastel shades of grey and fawn. These new hats are quite out of the common, and by no means the least of their many charms is, that they cast a very becoming shade over the eyes without being in the least floppy or untidy-looking.

A New Kind of Panama

¶ At this same shop one finds a new type of Summer sports hat made of what looks like fine Panama straw, but of a fascinating shade of light brown. This is known as Bowen Straw, and has the advantage of costing something like a third or a fourth the price that Panama does.

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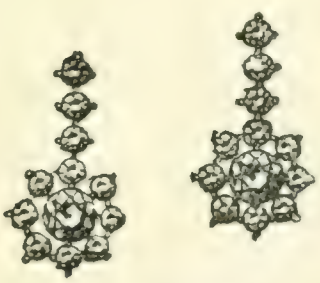

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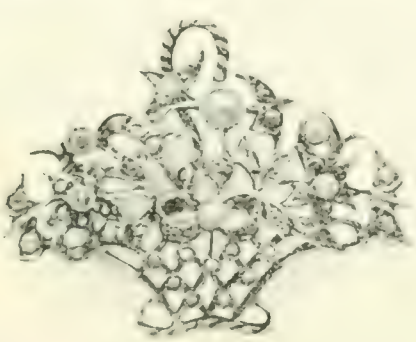

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The particular hats made of this straw, which will be so fashionable this year, are ultra-becoming, inasmuch as they are lined under the brim with fine Tagel straw of a contrasting colour—a scheme which has a very fascinating effect. These hats are to be had in several shapes, and they are so light to wear and so becoming that they are sure to be in great demand during the coming season.

The Best Way to Brighten and Re-Vitalise Hair

¶ The question of hats brings one naturally to the subject of hair, for the new fashions decree that more hair than ever will be shown under the new hats. As a great many women will doubtless have discovered, during the late Spring and the early Summer, hair is very apt to lose its gloss and sheen if it is not carefully treated and kept free from dandruff and scurf, which so often makes its appearance at this time of the year.

Mrs. Devinn, the noted hair specialist, of Sloane Street, who has made such a reputation by doing away with all costly and elaborate forms of hair treatment, and who combines massage with her new process of shampooing her patients' hair (which she does without submerging the hair in water or using soap and soda, substituting a scientific chemical wash instead, which re-vitalises and thoroughly cleanses the scalp and hair of dandruff, and restores its natural gloss and brightness) has met this felt want by introducing a marvellous hair tonic that works wonders on dry, brittle hair, preventing it fading or losing its brightness or its original tone of colour. The new lotion, which is absolutely free from grease, is very simple to use, and cannot be too highly recommended. Mrs. Devinn also puts up her own special shampoo mixture for the convenience of customers living in the country, and it is wonderful how quickly this makes hair soft, bright, and lustrous, and counteracts the ill-effects of the soap, soda, and ammonia usually found in shampoo lotions, which damages and destroys the beauty and texture of the hair.

The Gift of an Academy Picture

¶ Perhaps the great sensation of the moment is the offer of a replica of one of the most talked-about pictures that appeared "On the line" in last year's Academy, which is just now being given away to the users of Wright's Coal Tar Soap who send in the requisite number of outside wrappers taken from tablets of this well-known toilet soap. This picture is well worth securing, as it is a genuine work of art, for, quite apart from the fact that it was painted by the famous artist, Frank Roe, R.A., it represents one of the finest examples of colour printing that has been seen for some time. The subject of the painting is particularly adapted to the present moment, as it depicts a scene at a dinner-party at which Lord Nelson was present, and the toast of Britain has just been proposed—a fact which suggested the name for the painting to the artist.

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¶ The answer to a good many inquiries that have lately come to hand regarding household supplies and the extra cost of food, one would bring before the notice of readers the many excellencies of Bermaline Bread, which has the great advantage of not growing stale for several days, and being far more nutritious than the ordinary kind.

This bread is particularly good for children as well as adults, and is delicious for afternoon tea, and for making every kind of sandwich; indeed, owing to this fact it is being used to the exclusion of every other kind at all our leading hotels and restaurants for sandwiches of every kind, a tip that may well be adopted by those who will shortly be catering for Summer picnics. A sample loaf will be sent free to all readers of the ENGLISH REVIEW who send a post-card to Bermaline Mills, Ibrox, Glasgow.

Summer Toasts

¶ "Here's to the Navy," will be one of the familiar toasts this year at many a gathering of kinsmen and friends. And if the glasses are filled with the Symons Gold Medal Cyder everybody present will be quaffing an ideal summer drink skilfully manufactured in the county of Devon, famous for many decades for both sailors and cyder apples. A photograph before us, of a Symons orchard, shows 500 tons of apples ripening previous to passing through the mechanical processes of crushing and pressing. And this is only one of many orchards contributing to the Symons cyder manufactories which also produce the sparkling non-intoxicant "Sydrina," appealing strongly to abstainers from alcohol and to those who for the time being are banning spirits and the like. A postcard addressed to Jno. Symons and Co., Ltd., Cydervale, Totnes, Devon, will bring full particulars of their products.

MARY MARSH.

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Edited by Austin Harrison

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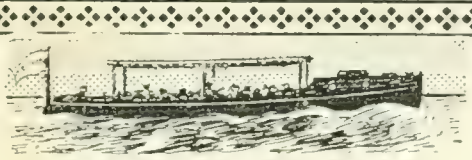

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Facing first matter.

THE
ENGLISH REVIEW
MAY, 1915

A Short History of Man

By Maurice Hewlett

SOME years ago, it may have been a million—
'Twas thereabouts, as everyone allows—
The first man, Adam, pight the first pavilion
And roofed it rustically with green boughs.
He built it for himself and his new spouse
In a fair ground, which can't have been a chilly one,
Seeing that they fix the site in Mesopotamy,
Where you need wear no clothes, even if you've got any.

God made this world for man, His jewel and minion,
His latest work, the apple of His eye.
Not only over pad and fin and pinion
Had he the kinch, but surer mastery
Was put into his hands to hold it by;
For over himself the Lord gave him dominion:
Not only had he five wits, but the Poet
Declares he could make use of them, and know it.

Passions he had, and means to keep them under
Or let them go, seeing a Will was his,
And Understanding, and a trick of wonder,
To shape the Is-not like to that which is.
Hence come idealistic fallacies,
Megalomania, and many a blunder
Wherein the sick world yet must groan and travail,
Waiting a clue the labyrinth to unravel.

All this made good, the Lord of Heaven addressed
Man, and said in effect, O sublimation
Of Our pure thought, here is the very best
That We can do for you, Our last creation.
Above the beasts, yet you can choose your station
Below them; or if Heaven be the crest
Of your desire, earn it! You can partake of it;
It's in your hands: let's see what you can make of it.

This world is yours if you know how to use it:
Call upon Us in trouble, We shall hear.
Although We have the power, We may refuse it;
We do not undertake to interfere.
From time to time We'll send a prophet here
With an Evangel for you if you choose it.
Well, We shall see! We judge that, if We try him,
You'll either ignore him or you'll crucify him.

The Lord departed. Man increased and spread
Over the earth, and soon found out a means
Of dominating nature. His wives bred,
His sons married his daughters in their teens.
But this soon brought about domestic scenes
And was tabooed. Cousins then cousins wed,
And all went fairly well till Cain drew knife
Upon his brother and robbed him of his life.

Abel stood well with God, or said he did,
And Cain not so, or thought that he did not.
All would be well with him, he thought, once rid
Of one psalm-singing rascal. He grew hot.
He ought to have remembered, but forgot
That all's not covered with the coffin-lid.
In that red rage of his he set the fashion
Of easing by bloodshed tumultuous passion.

Men took it up, and whereso'er they settled
Upon the face of th' inhabitable earth
There was no tribe of them but, being nettled
By any hint or sight of neighbour's worth,

Immediately must strangle it at birth
By fire or sword. They said they were high-mettled,
And *amour propre* could not brook to view
A nation prosper more than theirs could do.

So they learned hatred early, and they learned
That tribal hate is strongest hate of all.
Was a tribe rich, straight all the others burned
Not for its wealth so much as its downfall.
Young men were bred up in the way to call
This kind of hatred love. Their bowels yearned
To prove all men were brothers and at one
By killing everybody's but their own.

The tribes made war—defence or brigandage,
All made it. But no single tribe could guess
That if the beaten suffered from the rage
Of the conqueror, himself suffered no less.
For he was grudged, and hardly could possess
His new domains, or leave a heritage
To his successor with the least security
That he could hope to keep it in futurity.

The Lord had not provided in His plan
For that which quickly proved to be the way,
That man should use his wit to outwit man,
To pound him, to entice him or betray.
He had not thought that brother men would play
At Cat and Mouse or Catch-as-catch-who-can.
He gave all men this earth to make the best of it,
And found each took as much as he could wrest of it.

Yet they had other crafts besides warfare,
For they had love and all that love implies;
And art they had, the which has little care
Whether another man be rich or wise.
Commerce they had; they could philosophise,
And prove you what a very small affair
This life was, and how very much depended
On what they thought might happen when it ended.

But they had one craft which they put above
All others, and made learning, land, or pelf
The test of it; while as for art and love,
They put those by, like physic on a shelf
For case of need. That craft was care of Self,
Its end was Profit, and its maxim Shove;
And its one rule to drive into perdition
Whatever seemed to thwart a man's ambition.

Philosophers engrossed their rivals' lore
Or libelled them of commercing with witches;
A landed man by all means must have more,
A moneyed man conveyed his neighbour's riches
By tricks into the pockets of his breeches,
And fastened those up like a chapel door
From Monday until Saturday, then emptied
Into the Bank before he could be tempted

To tenderness of conscience most unthrifty.
But he had lawyers now to assure possession,
And call due process what was first called shifty,
Making chicane a dignified profession.
'Twas held that twenty thieves in public session
Might be a Body Corporate, and fifty
A National Assembly, and their tricks
The reasonable pursuit of politics.

And more men multiplied, and more they spread,
The more they sought to drive their neighbours back.
The earth, which God made green, was dyed with red
Which mixing made a gray, inclined to black
It looked as if some fulgurous chimney-stack
Had smothered up the blue sky overhead;
So when the rain fell down in God's good time,
Its wholesomeness was soured by man's bad grime.

Soon there arose strong men, by no means pious,
Who found it easy to become commander
Of others not so strong. There were Darius,
Nebuchadnezzar, Sennacherib, Alexander,

Whose simple need was to be more or grander
Than any king on earth. With this plain bias
They led their hosts to war, and what they needed
They got—until the next strong man succeeded.

Hist'ry deals more with these empurpled sinners
Than with the daring ones who tried to down them.
It leaves the cooks for the eaters of the dinners,
Looks to the kings, ignores the folk who crown them.
Take horses, not the stockbrokers who own them,
Say ha'p'ny newspapers a-spotting winners!
This history sees the plain men on our planet
No better off than when God first began it.

Whose fault is that? Not God's. You dare not blame Him
For having given you wits which you've perverted.
He sent a Messenger—I need not name Him—
To whom most of us owned to be converted.
I know not how or when his host deserted,
Or what it was decided men to shame Him.
He said the Meek and Peacemakers were blissful,
We see no blessings but for the successful.

We say, The best man wins; but what by that
We mean exactly is to be arreded.
Let us define the thing we are getting at:
We certainly don't mean the same as He did.
And as for him for whom his Master pleaded,
He very often don't win here—that's flat.
What would he get who turned the other cheek
But be laughed into the middle of next week?

But there were other Gospels. Con-fu-tze's
Was one. Another came from Prince Gautama,
Which flew north-eastward on a scented breeze
From Singapore to sea-girt Yokohama.
Another ended in a harrowing drama,
When they brought hemlock in to Socrates,
And he, as one who sees what an escape he has,
Bid sacrifice a cock to Æsculapius.

One burden each one's message underlay:
Nothing endures; this world is like an inn.
Take what you need, not long have you to stay;
The only thing worth having is within.
That stands when all the rest is worn down thin,
Emperors and the Empires they betray.
And why the snows of yester-year deplore?
Where are the conquests of the year before?

You would have thought such things the merest platitude,
Seeing that the land lies here, while we must leave it;
You would have hoped more reasonable attitude
Whether we hail the end with joy or grieve it.
The odd thing is that still we don't believe it,
Or act as if we only should have latitude
To enter the next life as men of property,
The only ones whose goods are not in jeopardy.

No, no! We still drive free men out like cattle,
We still catch them with pressgang and the crimp;
We still wreck pastures with our filthy battle,
Or tangle them with coils of barbèd gimp.
Though Cæsar, Philip, and Napoleon Imp.
Were played to grave with groaning and death-rattle,
We still believe a man may be War-Lord,
And still submit our quarrels to a sword.

You, Sir, put up of late to play the beast
And teach your decent Germans how to hate—
Look lest your walls serve you Belshazzar's feast
And score a title you don't meditate.
Emperors without an Empire are not great,
And there's a day when greatest may be least.
What do you think of this for epitaph:
With this man even Satan cared not laugh?

For look, This was a man who taught his sons
To lie and thieve, and had no wiser thought
Than stand men up as fodder for the guns
Of them who had to fight because he fought.

He found a peaceful land, left it distraught,
Found happy folk and left unhappy ones:
Most arrogant of men, he lived to rue it,
Because he was the wretchedest—and knew it.

If mankind ever of itself shake free,
And man disdain another to degrade
To work his infamous purpose, that his fee
Be doubled and his vileness not betrayed,
It will regard the bloody work you made
As crown and ensign of your misery,
And men will pity you and say, This wretch
Was made a rogue lest other rogues might stretch.

They set you trading truth as merchandise;
They set you murdering children and their mothers;
They turned your foolish hands to such red vice
That men could say Herod and you were brothers.
They bid you brand your good name as that other's
Is staring still with terror, blood, and lies.
Judas betrayed his Lord for pieces thirty,
And Krupp goes rich and clean—since you go dirty.

Where can the world find you a sorrier thing
Than monarch playing catspaw to a rascal?
If kingship's come to this, then has a king
A business on his hands which well might task all
The casuists left in Christendom. What Paschal
Atonement meets a sin so grovelling?
God sent His Son to cleanse a world o'erweening,
But your name now doesn't seem worth the cleaning.

Three Poems

By Harold Horton

The Lily Pool

Saw you her presence delicately pink
Gleam by the myrtle eyot? Wide blue eyes,
Unlearnèd of their loveliness, looked o'er
A milky shoulder lifted in surprise,
While trancèd fears upon the ruby brink
Of tremulous lips unsyllabled did shrink.
How shone the leafy-tesselated floor
Bright with her quivering imagery!
Saw you her tresses flood the lily-boats?—
No richer freightage floats
On Faery raft or Fancy's glossy shallop
Bound past the glittering sea
For Arcady.
See where her bracelet slipped a purple star:
Ah, luminous arms! Such limbs the morning's are,
That radiantly rein the steeds that gallop
Thro' rosy dawn-gates to the pools of eve—
So did they rise aglow
And droop and quench into the cool below.

What shining did that jewelled moment leave!
An emerald ripple trembled at her heart,
The river-portals shook and slipped apart
With soft melodious plashing,
A meteor-wake of watery atoms grew
Beneath the tide, and opalescent flashing,
Trailed diamonds down a weedy avenue,
And failed in dusky-pillared caves afar.

Ah! brightly did that jewelled moment pass!
A summer's tale of hours could nowise mar
That glowing image on a moment's glass!

The Charm

Ere the leaf's first copper shows
Get the green heart of a rose,
Loop it on a golden thread
From a bride's bright head.

Take the rose-hip slung ashine,
Gem-like on its glinting line,
Gently clasp it, let it rest
Lightly at your breast.

At the secret core of flowers
Charms are wrought by wizard hours,
Wonders stored long Junes ago—
These are yours to know.

The Spell

Sweet words and new money
To a nymph are dross;
Whinberries and wild honey
Laid a lily-leaf across
Wake no wistful heart in her:
Would you all her fancies stir
Hide a wisp of moss
Footpressed where a faun has danced,—
Such will hold her beauty tranced
As low-fluted music shakes
The wandering will of speckled snakes.

The Darling

By Anton Tchekhov

Translated by Constance Garnett

Olenka, the daughter of the retired collegiate assessor, Plemyannikov, was sitting in her back porch, lost in thought. It was hot, the flies were persistent and teasing, and it was pleasant to reflect that it would soon be evening. Dark rain clouds were gathering from the east, and bringing from time to time a breath of moisture in the air.

Kukin, who was the manager of an open-air theatre, called the Tivoli, and who lived in the lodge, was standing in the middle of the garden, looking at the sky.

"Again!" he observed despairingly. "It's going to rain again! Rain every day, as though to spite me! I might as well hang myself! It's ruin! Fearful losses every day!"

He flung up his hands, and went on, addressing Olenka:—

"There, that's the life we lead, Olga Semyonovna. It's enough to make one cry. One works and does one's utmost; one wears oneself out, getting no sleep at night, and racks one's brain what to do for the best. And then what happens? To begin with, one's public is ignorant, boorish! I give them the very best operetta, a dainty masque, the work of magnificent librettists. But do you suppose that's what they want! They don't understand anything of that sort. They want a clown, what they ask for is vulgarity. And then look at the weather! Almost every evening it rains. It started on the 10th of May, and it's kept it up all May and June. It's simply awful! The public doesn't come, but I've to pay the rent just the same, and pay the artistes."

The next evening the clouds would gather again, and Kukin would say with an hysterical laugh:

"Well, rain away then! Flood the garden, drown me! Damn my luck in this world and the next! Let the artistes have me up! Send me to prison!—to Siberia!—the scaffold! Ha, ha, ha!"

And next day the same thing.

Olenka listened to Kukin with silent gravity and sometimes tears came into her eyes. In the end his misfortunes touched her; she grew to love him. He was a small thin man, with a yellow face, and curls combed forward on his forehead. He spoke in a thin tenor; as he talked, his mouth worked on one side, and there was always an expression of despair on his face; yet he aroused a deep and genuine affection in her. She was always fond of someone and could not exist without loving. In earlier days she had loved her papa who now sat in a darkened room, breathing with difficulty; she had loved her aunt who used to come every other year from Bryansk; and before that, when she was at school, she had loved her French master. She was a gentle, soft-hearted, compassionate girl, with mild, tender eyes and very good health. At the sight of her full rosy cheeks, her soft white neck with a little dark mole on it, and the kind, naïve smile, which come into her face when she listened to anything pleasant, men thought, "Yes, not half bad," and smiled too, while lady visitors could not refrain from seizing her hand in the middle of the conversation, exclaiming in a gush of delight "You darling!"

The house, in which she had lived from her birth upwards, and which was left her in her father's will, was at the extreme end of the town, not far from the Tivoli. In the evenings and at night she could hear the band playing and the crackling and banging of fireworks, and it seemed to her that it was Kukin struggling with his destiny, storming the entrenchments of his chief foe, the indifferent public. There was a sweet thrill at her heart, she had no desire to sleep, and when he returned home at daybreak, she tapped softly at her bedroom window, and showing him only her face and one shoulder, through the curtain, she gave him a friendly smile. . . .

He proposed to her and they were married. And when he had a closer view of her neck and her plump fine shoulders, he threw up his hands and said:

"You darling!"

He was happy, but as it rained on the day and night of his wedding, his face still retained an expression of despair.

They got on very well together. She used to sit in his office, to look after things in the Tivoli, to put down the accounts, and pay the wages. And her rosy cheeks, her sweet naive radiant smile were to be seen now at the office window, now in the refreshment bar or behind the scenes at the theatre. And already she used to say to her acquaintances that the theatre was the chief and most important thing in life, and that it was only through the drama that one could derive true enjoyment and become cultivated and humane.

"But do you suppose the public understand that?" she used to say. "What they want is a clown. Yesterday we gave "Faust Inside Out" and almost all the boxes were empty, but if Vanitchka and I had been producing some vulgar thing, would you believe me, the theatre would have been packed? To-morrow Vanitchka and I are doing 'Orpheus in Hell.' Do come."

And what Kukin said about the theatre and the actors she repeated. Like him she despised the public for their ignorance and their indifference to art; she took part in the rehearsals, she corrected the actors, she kept an eye on the behaviour of the musicians, and when there was an unfavourable notice in the local paper she shed tears, and then went to the editor's office to set things right.

The actors liked her and used to call her "Vanitchka and I" and "the darling"; she was sorry for them, and used to lend them small sums of money, and if they deceived her, she used to shed a few tears in private, but did not complain to her husband.

They got on well in the winter, too. They took the theatre in the town for the whole winter, and let it for short terms to a Little Russian company, or to a conjurer, or to a local dramatic society. Olenka grew stouter, and was always beaming with satisfaction, while Kukin grew thinner and yellower and continually complained of their terrible losses, although he had not done badly all the winter. He used to cough at night, and she used to give him hot raspberry tea or lime-flower water, to rub him with eau-de-cologne, and to wrap him in her warm shawls.

"You're such a sweet pet," she used to say with perfect sincerity, stroking his hair, "you're such a pretty dear!"

Towards Lent he went to Moscow to collect a new troupe, and without him she could not sleep, but sat all night at her window, looking at the stars, and she compared herself with the hens, who are awake all night and uneasy when the cock is not in the henhouse. Kukin was detained in Moscow, and wrote that he would be back at Easter, adding some instructions about the Tivoli. But on the Monday before Easter, late in the evening, came a sudden, ominous knock at the gate; someone was hammering on the gate as though on a barrel—boom, boom, boom. The drowsy cook went flopping with her bare feet through the puddles, as she ran to open the gate.

"Please open," said someone outside in a thick bass. "There is a telegram for you."

Olenka had received telegrams from her husband before, but this time, for some reason, she felt numb with terror. With shaking hands she opened the telegram, and read as follows:—

"Ivan Petrovitch died suddenly to-day. Awaiting immate instructions fufuneral Tuesday."

That was how it was written in the telegram—"fufuneral," and the utterly incomprehensible word "immate." It was signed by the stage manager of the operatic company.

"My darling!" sobbed Olenka, "Vanitchka, my precious, my darling! Why did I ever meet you! Why did I know you and love you! Your poor heart-broken Olenka is all alone without you!"

Kukin's funeral took place on Tuesday in Moscow, Olenka returned home on Wednesday, and as soon as she got indoors she threw herself on her bed, and sobbed so loudly that it could be heard next door and in the street.

"Poor darling!" the neighbours said as they crossed themselves. "Olga Semyonovna, poor darling, how she does take on!"

Three months later, Olenka was coming home from mass, melancholy, and in deep mourning. It happened that one of her neighbours, Vassily Andreitch Pustovalov, returning home from church, walked back beside her. He was the manager at Bakayev's, the timber merchant's. He

wore a straw hat, a white waistcoat, and a gold watch chain, and looked more like a country gentleman than a man in trade.

"Everything happens as it is ordained, Olga Semyonovna," he said gravely, with a sympathetic note in his voice, "and if any of our dear ones die, it must be because it is the will of God, so we ought to have fortitude and bear it submissively."

After seeing Olenka to her gate, he said goodbye, and went on. All day afterwards she heard his sedately dignified voice, and whenever she shut her eyes, she saw his dark beard. She liked him very much. And apparently she had made an impression on him, too, for not long afterwards an elderly lady, with whom she was only slightly acquainted, came to drink coffee with her, and as soon as she was seated at table, began to talk about Pustovalov, saying that he was an excellent man, whom one could thoroughly depend upon, and that any girl would be glad to marry him. Three days later Pustovalov came himself. He did not stay long, only about ten minutes, and he did not say much; but when he left, Olenka loved him—loved him so much that she lay awake all night in a perfect fever, and in the morning she sent for the elderly lady. The match was quickly arranged, and then came the wedding.

Pustovalov and Olenka got on very well together when they were married.

Usually he sat in the office till dinner-time, then he went out on business, while Olenka took his place, and sat in the office till evening, making up accounts and booking orders.

"Timber gets dearer every year, the price rises twenty per cent.," she would say to her customers and friends. "Only fancy, we used to sell local timber, and now Vassitchka always has to go for wood to the Mogilev district. And the duty on it!" she would add, covering her cheeks with her hands in horror. "The duty!"

It seemed to her that she had been in the timber trade for ages and ages, and that the most important and necessary thing in life was timber; and there was something intimate and touching to her in the very sound of words such as "baulk," "post," "beam," "pole," "scantling," "batten," "lath," "plank," etc.

At night when she was asleep she dreamed of perfect mountains of planks and boards, and long strings of waggons, carting timber somewhere far away. She dreamed that a whole regiment of six-inch beams, forty feet high, standing on end, was marching upon the timber-yard, that logs, beams, and boards knocked together with the resounding crash of dry wood, kept falling and getting up again, piling themselves on each other. Olenka cried out in her sleep, and Pustovalov said to her tenderly, "Olenka, what's the matter, darling? Cross yourself!"

Her husband's ideas were hers. If he thought the room was too hot or that business was slack, she thought the same. Her husband did not care for entertainments, and on holidays he stayed at home. She did likewise.

"You are always at home or in the office," her friends said to her. "You should go to the theatre, darling, or to the circus."

"Vassitchka and I have no time to go to theatres," she would answer with sedate dignity. "We have no time for nonsense. What's the use of these theatres?"

On Saturdays, Pustovalov and she used to go to midnight service; on holidays to early mass; and they walked side by side with softened faces as they came home from church. There was a pleasant fragrance about them both, and her silk dress rustled agreeably. At home they drank tea, with fancy bread and jams of various kinds, and afterwards they ate pies. Every day at twelve o'clock there was a savoury smell of beetroot soup and of mutton or duck in their yard, and on fast-days of fish, and no one could pass the gate without feeling hungry. In the office the samovar was always boiling, and customers were regaled with tea and biscuits. Once a week the couple went to the baths and returned side by side, both red in the face.

"Yes, we have nothing to complain of, thank God," Olenka used to say to her acquaintances. "I wish everyone were as well off as Vassitchka and I."

When Pustovalov went away to buy wood in the Mogilev district, she missed him dreadfully, lay awake, and cried. A young veterinary surgeon in the army, called Smirnin, to whom they had let their lodge, used sometimes to come in in the evening. He used to talk to her and play cards with her, and this entertained her in her hus-

band's absence. She was particularly interested in what he told her of his home life. He was married, and had a little boy, but was separated from his wife because she had been unfaithful to him, and now he hated her, and used to send her forty roubles a month for the maintenance of their son. And hearing of all this, Olenka sighed and shook her head. She was sorry for him.

"Well, God keep you," she used to say to him at parting, as she lighted him down the stairs with a candle. "Thank you for coming to cheer me up, and may the Mother of God give you health."

And she always expressed herself with the same sedateness and dignity, the same reasonableness, in imitation of her husband. When the veterinary surgeon had already gone out at the door below, she would say:

"You know, Vladimir Platonitch, you'd better make it up with your wife. You should forgive her for the sake of your son. You may be sure the little fellow understands."

And when Pustovalov came back, she told him in a low voice about the veterinary surgeon and his unhappy home life, and both sighed and shook their heads, and talked about the boy, who, no doubt, missed his father, and by some strange connection of ideas, they went up to the holy ikons, bowed to the ground before them, and prayed that God would give them children.

And so the Pustovalovs lived for six years quietly and peaceably in complete harmony and agreement.

But, behold! one winter day, after drinking hot tea in the office, Vassily Andreitch went out into the yard without his cap on to see about sending off some timber, caught cold, and was taken ill. He had the best doctors, but he grew worse, and died after four months' illness. And Olenka was a widow once more.

"I've nobody, now you've left me, my darling," she sobbed, after her husband's funeral. "How can I live without you, in wretchedness and misery! Pity me, all alone in the world!"

She went about dressed in black with long "weepers," and gave up wearing hat and gloves for good. She hardly ever went out except to church or to her husband's grave, and led the life of a nun. It was not till six months later

that she took off the weepers, and opened the shutters of the windows. She was sometimes seen in the mornings, going with her cook to market for provisions, but what went on in her house and how she lived now could only be surmised. People guessed from seeing her drinking tea in her garden with the veterinary surgeon, who read the newspaper aloud to her, and from the fact that, meeting a lady she knew at the post-office, she said to her:

"There is no proper veterinary inspection in our town, and that's the cause of all sorts of epidemics. One is always hearing of people getting infection from the milk supply or catching diseases from horses and cows. The health of domestic animals ought to be as well cared for as the health of human beings."

She repeated the veterinary surgeon's words, and was of the same opinion as he about everything. It was evident that she could not live a year without some attachment, and had found new happiness in the lodge. In anyone else this would have been censured, but no one could think ill of Olenka, everything she did was so natural. Neither she nor the veterinary surgeon said anything to other people of the change in their relations, and tried, indeed, to conceal it, but without success, for Olenka could not keep a secret. When he had visitors, men serving in his regiment, and she poured out tea or served the supper, she would begin talking of the cattle plague, of the foot-and-mouth disease, and of the municipal slaughter-houses. He was dreadfully embarrassed, and when the guests had gone, he would seize her by the hand and hiss angrily:

"I've asked you before not to talk about what you don't understand. When we veterinary surgeons are talking among ourselves, please don't put your word in. It's really annoying."

And she would look at him with astonishment and dismay, and ask him in alarm: "But, Voloditchka, what *am* I to talk about?"

And with tears in her eyes she would embrace him, begging him not to be angry, and they were both happy.

But this happiness did not last long. The veterinary surgeon departed, departed for ever, with his regiment, when it was transferred to a distant place, to Siberia, it may be. And Olenka was left alone.

Now she was absolutely alone. Her father had long been dead, and his armchair lay in the attic, covered with dust and lame of one leg. She got thinner and plainer, and when people met her in the street they did not look at her as they used to and did not smile to her; evidently her best years were over and left behind, and now a new sort of life had begun for her, which did not bear thinking about. In the evening Olenka sat in the porch, and heard the band playing and the fireworks popping in the Tivoli, but now the sound stirred no response. She looked into her yard without interest, thought of nothing, wished for nothing, and afterwards, when night came on, she went to bed and dreamed of her empty yard. She ate and drank, as it were, unwillingly.

And what was worst of all, she had no opinions of any sort. She saw the objects about her, and understood what she saw, but could not form any opinion about them, and did not know what to talk about. And how awful it is not to have any opinions! One sees a bottle, for instance, or the rain, or a peasant driving in his cart, but what the bottle is for, or the rain, or the peasant, and what is the meaning of it one can't say, and could not, even for a thousand roubles. When she had Kukin, or Pustovalov, or the veterinary surgeon, Olenka could explain everything and give her opinion about anything you like, but now there was the same emptiness in her brain and in her heart as there was in her yard outside. And it was as harsh and as bitter as wormwood in the mouth.

Little by little the town grew in all directions. The road became a street, and where the Tivoli and the timber-yard had been, there were new turnings and houses. How rapidly time passes! Olenka's house grew dingy, the roof got rusty, the shed sank on one side, and the whole yard was overgrown with docks and stinging nettles. Olenka herself had grown plain and elderly; in summer she sat in the porch, and her soul as before was empty and dreary and full of bitterness. In winter she sat at her window and looked at the snow. When she caught the scent of spring, or heard the chime of the church bells, a sudden rush of memories from the past came over her, there was a tender ache in her heart, and her eyes brimmed over with tears, but this was only for a minute, and then came empti-

ness again and the sense of the futility of life. The black kitten, Briska, rubbed against her and purred softly, but Olenka was not touched by these feline caresses. That was not what she needed. She wanted a love that would absorb her whole being, her whole soul and reason, that would give her ideas and an object in life, and would warm her old blood. And she would shake the kitten off her skirt and say with vexation:

"Get along, I don't want you!"

And so it was, day after day and year after year, and no joy, and no opinions. Whatever Mavra the cook said she accepted.

One hot July day, towards evening, just as the cattle were being driven by, and the whole yard was full of dust, someone suddenly knocked at the gate. Olenka went to open it herself, and was dumfoundered when she looked out: she saw Smirnin, the veterinary surgeon, grey-headed, and dressed as a civilian. She suddenly remembered everything. She could not help crying and letting her head fall on his breast without uttering a word, and in the violence of her feeling she did not notice how they both walked into the house and sat down to tea.

"My dear Platon Ivanitch! What fate has brought you?" she muttered, trembling with joy.

"I want to settle here for good, Olga Semyonovna," he told her. "I have resigned my post and have come to settle down and try my luck on my own account. Besides, it's time for my boy to go to school. He's a big boy. I am reconciled with my wife, you know."

"Where is she?" asked Olenka.

"She's at the hotel with the boy, and I'm looking for lodgings."

"Good gracious, my dear soul! Lodgings! Why not have my house? Why shouldn't that suit you? Why, my goodness, I wouldn't take any rent," cried Olenka in a flutter, beginning to cry again. "You live here, and the lodge will do nicely for me. I shall be delighted."

Next day the roof was painted and the walls were white-washed, and Olenka, with her arms akimbo, walked about the yard giving directions. Her face was beaming with her old smile, and she was brisk and alert as though she

had waked from a long sleep. The veterinary's wife arrived, a thin, plain lady, with short hair and a peevish expression. With her was her little Sasha, a boy of ten, small for his age, blue-eyed, chubby, with dimples in his cheeks. And scarcely had the boy walked into the yard when he ran after the cat, and at once there was the sound of his gay, joyous laugh.

"Is that your puss, Auntie?" he asked Olenka. "When she has little ones, do give us a kitten. Mamma is awfully afraid of mice."

Olenka talked to him, and gave him tea. Her heart warmed, and there was a sweet ache in her bosom, as though the boy had been her own child. And when he sat at the table in the evening, going over his lessons, she looked at him with deep tenderness and pity as she murmured to herself:

"You pretty pet . . . my precious . . . such a fair little thing and so clever."

"'An island is a piece of land which is entirely surrounded by water,'" he read aloud.

"An island is a piece of land," she repeated, and this was the first opinion to which she gave utterance with positive conviction after so many years of silence and dearth of ideas.

Now she had opinions of her own, and at supper she talked to Sasha's parents, saying how difficult the lessons were at the high schools, but that yet the classical side was better than the modern, since with a high school education all careers were open to one, such as being a doctor or an engineer.

Sasha began going to the high school. His mother departed to Harkov to her sister's and did not return; his father used to go off every day to inspect cattle, and would often be away from home for three days together, and it seemed to Olenka as though Sasha was entirely abandoned, that he was not wanted at home, that he was being starved, and she carried him off to her lodge and gave him a little room there.

And for six months Sasha had lived in the lodge with her. Every morning Olenka came into his bedroom and found him fast asleep dreaming noiselessly with his hand under his cheek. She was sorry to wake him.

"Sashenka," she would say mournfully, "get up, darling. It's time for school."

He would get up, dress, and say his prayers, and then sit down to breakfast, drink three glasses of tea, and eat two large cracknels and half a buttered roll. All this time he was hardly awake, and a little ill-humoured in consequence.

"You don't quite know your fable, Sashenka," Olenka would say, looking at him as though he were about to set off on a long journey, "what a lot of trouble I have with you. You must work and do your best, darling, and listen to your teachers."

"Oh, do leave me alone!" Sasha would say.

Then he would go down the street to school, a little figure, wearing a big cap and carrying a satchel on his shoulder. Olenka would follow him noiselessly.

"Sashenka!" she would call after him, and she would pop into his hand a date or a caramel. When he reached the street where the school was he would feel ashamed of being followed by a tall, stout woman, he would turn round and say:

"You'd better go home, Auntie. I can go the rest of the way alone."

She would stand still and look after him fixedly till he had disappeared at the school-gate.

Ah, how she loved him! Of her former attachments not one had been so deep; never had her soul surrendered to any feeling so spontaneously, so disinterestedly, and so joyously as now that her maternal instincts were aroused. For this little boy with the dimple in his cheek and the big school cap she would have given her whole life, she would have given it with joy and tears of tenderness. Why? Who can tell why?

When she had seen the last of Sasha, she returned home, contented and serene, brimming over with love; her face, which had grown younger during the last six months, smiled and beamed; people meeting her looked at her with pleasure.

"Good morning, Olga Semyonovna, darling. How are you, darling?"

"Do you know, the lessons at the high school are very difficult now," she would relate at the market. "It's too

much; in the first class yesterday they gave him a fable to learn by heart, and a Latin translation, and a problem. You know it's too much for a little chap."

And she would begin talking about the teachers, the lessons, and the school books, saying just what Sasha said.

At three o'clock they had dinner together: in the evening they learned their lessons together and cried. When she put him to bed, she would stay a long time making the cross over him and murmuring a prayer, then she would go to bed and dream of that far-away misty future when Sasha would finish his studies and become a doctor or an engineer, would have a big house of his own with horses and a carriage, would get married and have children. . . . She would fall asleep, still thinking of the same thing, and tears would run down her cheeks from her closed eyes, while the black cat lay purring beside her: "mrr, mrr, mrr."

Suddenly there would come a loud knock at the gate.

Olenka would wake up breathless with alarm, her heart throbbing. Half a minute later would come another knock.

"It must be a telegram from Harkov," she would think, beginning to tremble from head to foot. "Sasha's mother is sending for him from Harkov. . . . Oh, mercy on us!"

She was in despair. Her head, her hands, and her feet would turn chill, and she would feel that she was the most unhappy woman in the world. But another minute would pass, voices would be heard: it would turn out to be the veterinary surgeon coming home from the club.

"Well, thank God," she would think.

And gradually the load in her heart would pass off and she would feel more at ease. She would go back to bed thinking of Sasha, who lay sound asleep in the next room, sometimes crying out in his sleep:

"I'll give it you, get away, shut up."

Dancers and Dancing

By Arthur Symons

I.

It was in May, 1892, that, having crossed the streets of Paris from the hotel where I was staying, the Hôtel Corneille, in the Latin Quarter (made famous by Balzac in his superb story, *Z. Marcas*), I found myself in Le Jardin de Paris (of which I have a lively recollection, later on, of a certain dancer), where I saw for the first time La Mélinite. She danced in a quadrille: young and girlish, the more provocative because she played as a prude, and as having modesty; being *décolletée* nearly to the waist, in the Oriental fashion. She had long, black curls around her face; and had about her a depraved virginity.

And she caused in me, I must admit, a sense of depravity from that time till the last time I ever saw her. Of course, I wrote verses on her. There, in the Moulin Rouge, on the night of May 22nd, La Mélinite danced to her own image in the mirror, "a shadow to a shadow smiling," to the intoxicating strains of Olivier Métra's *Valse des Roses*; that same maddening music which had stirred the senses and the sensations of Baudelaire, but not in the same casino.

The *chahut* is the successor, one might almost say the renaissance, of the *cancan*. Roughly speaking, the *cancan* died with the Bal Mabille, the *chahut* was born with the Jardin de Paris. The effervescent Bal Bullier of the Quartier Latin, in its change from the Closerie des Lilas, of the days of Murger, may be said to have kept the tradition of the thing, and, with the joyous and dilapidated Moulin de la Galette of the heights of Montmartre, to have led the way in the establishment of the present school of dancing. But it was at the Jardin de Paris, about the year 1884, that the *chahut*, or the *quadrille naturaliste*,

made its appearance, and, with La Goulue and Grille-d'Egout, came to stay. The dance is simply a quadrille in delirium—a quadrille in which the steps are punctuated by *le port d'armes* (or high kicks), with *le grand écart* (or "the splits") for parenthesis. *Le port d'armes* is done by standing on one foot and holding the other upright in the air; *le grand écart* by sitting on the floor with the legs absolutely horizontal. Beyond these two fundamental rules of the game, everything almost is left to the fantasy of the performer, and the fantasy of the whirling people of the Moulin Rouge, the Casino, the Jardin de Paris, the Elysée Montmartre, is free, fertile, and peculiar. Even in Paris you must be somewhat ultra-modern to appreciate it, and to join, night after night, those avid circles which form so rapidly, here and there on the ball-room floor, as a waltz-rhythm ends, and a placard bearing the word "Quadrille" is hung out from the musicians' gallery.

Of all the stars of the *chahut*, the most charming, the most pleasing, is La Goulue. Still young, though she has been a choreographic celebrity for seven or eight years; still fresh, a veritable "queen of curds and cream" among the too white and the too red women of the Moulin Rouge; she has that simple, ingenuous air which is, perhaps, the last refinement, to the perverse, of perversity. To dance the *chahut*, to dance it with infinite excitement, and to look like a milk-maid: that, surely, is a triumph of natural genius! Grille-d'Egout, her companion and rival, is not so interesting. She is dark, serious, correct, perfectly accomplished in her art, and a professor of it, but she has not the high spirits, the *entrain*, the attractiveness, of La Goulue. In Nini-Patte-en-l'Air a later, though an older, leader of the *quadrille naturaliste*, and, like Grille-d'Egout, a teacher of eccentric dancing, we find, perhaps, the most typical representative of the *chahut* of to-day. She is not young, she is not pretty, she is thin, short of stature, dark, with heavy eyebrows, coarse, irregular features. Her face is worn and haggard, almost ghastly; her mouth is drawn into an acute, ambiguous, ironical smile; her roving eyes have a curious, intent glitter. She has none of the *gaminerie* of La Goulue: hers is a severely self-conscious art, and all her extravagances are perfectly deliberate. But with what mastery they are done, with what tireless agility,

what tireless ingenuity in invention! Always cold, collected, "the Maenad of the Decadence," it is with a sort of "learned fury" that she dances; and she has a particular trick—the origin of her nickname—a particular quiver of the foot as the leg is held rigid in the air—which is her sign and signature. After these three distinguished people come many. There is La Mélinite, Rayon-d'Or, La Sauterelle, Étoile Filante, and many another; of whom La Mélinite is certainly the most interesting. She is tall, slim, boyish in figure, *décolletée* in the Eastern fashion, in a long slit; she dances with a dreamy absorption, a conventional air, as of perverted sanctity, remote, ambiguous. And then there is La Macarona of the Elysée-Montmartre, whose sole title to distinction lies in the extraordinary effrontery of her costume.

II.

On my way to Nini-Patte-en-l'Air's I stopped at a second-hand bookstall, where I purchased a particular edition which I had long been seeking, of a certain edifying work of great repute. Opening the book at random, I found myself at Chapter XX., *De Amore Solitudinis et Silenti.* "Relinque curiosa," I read. Then I put the book in my pocket and went on to Nini-Patte-en-l'Air's.

Of course, I had been at the Trafalgar Square Theatre —two Saturdays ago, was it not?—when the unaccountable British public had applauded so frankly and so vigorously its first glimpse of a *quadrille naturaliste* in England. But now I was going, in response to a special invitation from Madame Nini, to see what I fancied would interest me far more, a private lesson in the art of the *chahut.* I found the hotel, but not, at first, the front door. In the bar no one knew of a front door, but I might go upstairs, they said, if I liked: that way, through the door on the right. I went upstairs, found a waiter, and presently Nini-Patte-en-l'Air bustled into the room, and told me to make myself quite at home. Nini is charming, with her intense nervous vivacity, her quaint seriousness, her little professional airs; befitting the directress of the sole *école du chahut* at present existing in the world. We have all seen her on the stage, and the little, plain, thick-set woman

with the vivid eyes and the enigmatic mouth, is just the same on the stage and off. She is the same because she has an individuality of her own, which gives her, in her own kind of dancing, a place apart—an individuality which is reinforced by a degree of accomplishment to which neither La Goulue nor Grille-d'Egout, neither La Sauterelle nor Rayon-d'Or, can for a moment pretend. And I found that she takes herself very seriously; that she is justly proud of being the only *chahut* dancer who has made an art out of a caprice, as well as the only one who has conquered all the difficulties of her own making, the only executant at once faultless and brilliant. We talked of many things, I of Paris and she of London, for which she professes an immense enthusiasm; then she told me of her triumphant tour in America, and how she conquered America by the subtle discretion of her *dessous*, which were black. Blue, pink, yellow, white, she experimented with all colours; but the American standpoint was only precisely found and flattered by the factitious reserve of black. Then, as she explained to me all the technique of her art, she would jump up from the armchair in which she was sitting, shoot a sudden leg, surprisingly, into the air, and do the *grand écart* on the hearthrug. But the pupils? Oh, the pupils were coming; and Madame and I had just finished moving the heavy oak table into a corner, when the door opened, and they came in.

I was introduced, firstly, to La Ténébreuse, a big woman of long experience, whom I found to be more supple than her figure indicated. Églantine came next, a tall, strong, handsome, dignified-looking girl, with dark eyes and eyebrows; she is in her second year, and has been with Nini in America. Then came Épi-d'Or, a timid, yet gay, rather English little blonde, who makes her *début* in London. They sat down meekly, like good little schoolgirls, and each came forward as she was called, went through her exercises, and returned to her seat by the door. And those exercises! It was not a large room, and when a tall girl lay at full length on the floor, and Nini bent over her, seized one of her legs, and worked it about as if it were a piece of india-rubber, the space seemed quite sufficiently occupied. When Églantine took her third step

towards me, kicking her hand on the level of her eyes at each step, I tried to push back my chair a little closer to the wall, in case of accidents; and the big girl, La Ténébreuse, when she did the *culbute*, or somersault, ending with the *grand écart*, or the splits, finished at, almost on, my feet. I saw the preparatory exercises, *le brisement*, or dislocation, and *la série*, or the high-kick, done by two in concert; and then the different poses of the actual dance itself: *la guitare*, in which the leg is held almost at right angles with the body, the ankle supported by one hand; *le port d'armes*, in which the leg is held upright, one hand clasping the heel of the boot—a position of great difficulty, on which *le salut militaire* is a slight variation; *la jambe derrière la tête*, a position which requires the most elaborate acrobatic training, and which is perhaps as painful to see as it must be to do; *le croisement*, which ends a figure and is done by two or four dancers, forming a sort of cross-pattern by holding their heels together in the air, on a level with the eyes; and *le grand écart*, or the splits, which is done either by gliding gradually out (the usual method), or by a sudden jump in which the split is done in the air, and the body falls violently to the ground, like a pair of compasses which have opened out by their own weight. It was all very instructive, very curious, very amusing. "Relinque curiosa," said the book in my pocket. But I was far from being in that monastic mood as I watched these extraordinary contortions, done so blithely, yet so seriously, by Ténébreuse, Églantine, and Épi-d'Or; Nini-Patte-en-l'Air giving her orders with that professional air now more fixed than ever on her attentive face. It was all so discreet, after a fashion, in its methodical order; so comically indiscreet, in another sense. I am avid of impressions and sensations; and here, certainly, was a new sensation, an impression of something not easily to be seen elsewhere. I sat and pondered, my chair pushed close back to the wall, Nini-Patte-en-l'Air by my side, and before me Ténébreuse, Églantine, and Épi-d'Or.

Prussianised History

By Richard Whiteing

My stay in Germany belonged to the period of a new Fatherland in the world of ideas. The intellectual movement was to organise and extend the conquests of the Germany of arms. The nation had won its unity on the battle-field; it had yet to constitute itself in other directions. This was to be done in new ways of living, a new outlook all round. The old Fatherland of the poets and the professors had done its work in preparation for 1870: a generation was now ready for the fulness of the pride of life.

The 'eighties, therefore, marked an epoch quite as important in its way as that of the great war. The German was now to realise himself, in a sort of ecstasy of patriotic brag, as the heir of the ages, and as the chosen one of the scheme of Providence, for the shaping of the spirit of man. The earlier influences had left him patient, laborious, sturdy, pious, and with most of his interests centred in the home. He was now to flower into the ruler rather than the mere citizen of the world. He already had a new music—epos and all—the time had come to scrap his rich endowment in the philosophies, as a mere second best, still good enough for humanity at large, and to start another exclusively for his own use. This was to make him a being quite apart in the evolution of the race, with Prussia for its hard core.

Berlin, as I saw it, became more than ever the city of the back seat for the foreigner: "Pride in their port, defiance in their eye, I see the lords of human kind pass by" was no longer a poetical hyperbole. The military heroes reeked of self-sufficiency, from the officer of the guard to the humblest captain of a marching regiment. The very politeness seemed machine-made. People met for social enjoyment in unions organised under the most rigid rules;

nothing seemed to come with the charm of accident. To borrow a cant term from the new philosophy, it was but the will to good breeding as part of the will to power. Their sport was cultivated for the muscle, not the muscle for the sport. This method of approach seemed to extend to everything but the table manners, which still, from the pocket-comb to the management of the knife and fork, were those of the old dispensation. There was nothing of the soft play of life in it. It recalled a severe criticism of the *Sartor*, that Carlyle never forgot. "Our author reminds us of the German baron, who, when asked why he was jumping over the chairs and tables, said he was trying to be lively." Equestrians in the park put their steeds to the pace like circus riders, with swelling breast and haughty eye that seemed to solicit, or rather demand, a "hand" from the crowd.

It was part of my duty as a foreign resident to show my passport at the police office of my district. One day when I was doing that, a poor "Bobby" of the rank and file came in to give an account of his stewardship; and sheer nervousness, I suppose, made him blunder in some detail. His petty superior positively barked—there is no other word for it—a reprimand, until the other became speechless with terror and confusion. He, of course, took his revenge on the private citizen. I heard afterwards of an arrest for some small offence in the public street. The offender, who had suddenly taken to his heels, was pursued, tripped up, and in a trice found himself on the flat of his back with the points of two police sabres at his throat. I was calling one day on an old friend in a public office, when his chief entered the room to discuss some matter connected with the day's work. My friend, who was quite on the same social level, immediately sprang to his feet for the salute, and began every phrase of the conversation with a "*ja, Herr Direktor*," or a "*nein, Herr Direktor*," which, in any other country, would have been rather out of place as between an office-boy and a Prime Minister. The Kaiser took his daily drive in Unter den Linden with the same curious observances. The sentry at the Brandenburger Gate had to become aware of him in the distance, and as he came within hail to raise a raucous shout that brought out the whole guard to seize their rifles, stacked for the salute. He seemed a pathetic

figure, as the only being in all his dominions without a superior entitled to the kotow.

Nothing seemed to come "natural" to them, except drill for every spontaneous movement of the soul. In literature they would have been capable of putting poets into commission, as in war they have already put Cæsar and Napoleon—not forgetting Attila and Tamerlane.

The first essay in modernity originated with the cult of Zola, by a band of precocious lads who, in the 'sixties, had been spoon-fed on his writings, and began to feel the longing for a new departure for its own sake. Of course, it was but another "Sturm und Drang," a something that seemed to derive its motive force from a steam-engine. German literature is peculiarly subject to these nervous disorders. The classic case is that of the Olympian Goethe and his *Sorrows of Werther*, in which he deliberately caught the complaint as the shortest way of getting it over.

"Down with tradition," was the cry. The topsy-turvy was to be absolute and not only in the arts, but in education, psychology, morals, politics, in the latter especially as the leading line of the new firm. All instruction that was not based on the intensive culture of the will was to die the death. The first leader of consequence was Michael Conrad, a Munich painter who saw literature as a sort of voluntary on the big drum. German-like, he founded a regular society for its propaganda, with a secretariat and an "organ" as a matter of course. This lively little thing manifested against "emasculated science," "fried fish criticism," "flunkeyism," and all else pertaining in hard words; though it was still but Carlyle's baron going methodically to work in the art of being without art. Berlin, naturally, was soon in the field, and, characteristically, it began by doubling the local leadership with the brothers Henry and Julius Hart. At first they fought Munich for supremacy, but soon all joined hands. The programme was naturally destructive at the expense of the old gang. Dahn, Freytag, Spielhagen, and others were immolated on the altars of the faith, as mad *dilettanti*, guilty in some mysterious way of furthering "the work of hell," while Turgenieff, Dostoieffsky, Tolstoy, Björnson, and Ibsen—assuredly to the surprise of many of them—were claimed as patrons of the new thought.

The movement was much more serious in another field, history. It is deeply interesting to see how an outburst of creative energy in research that began with Niebuhr and universal sympathy should end in a Prussian school with a doctrine of universal conquest. Germany has long been the annalist of the world, but while she once wrote wholly in the service of truth, she now writes largely in the service of self-love. The change may be traced by the English reader in Mr. G. P. Gooch's recent *History and Historians of the Nineteenth Century*, a glory of British scholarship and learning in the literature of its kind. A History of Histories, it might more aptly be called, in its fascinating form of a history of historians. But the reader must find his moral for himself, for Mr. Gooch has none to enforce.

When beaten by Napoleon, the Germans naturally began to set their house in order to save them from extinction. They turned to history to learn what they had done in the past for national regeneration, and what they might hope to do again. We know how well they took the lesson to heart. Their success was so dazzling in 1870–71 that they began to dream of universal empire. They had conquered France, why not the planet next? It was intoxication, but the historians had their share, and a deep one, of the draught. History gradually became the handmaid of this ambition, and at last grew to be the degraded study which it is with some of them to-day. This was mainly the work of the Prussian or Prussianising historians.

The mighty Niebuhr was the founder of the science of history in its day of wisdom, justice, and power. His thesis was the evolution of freedom in human institutions, and he could afford to do full justice to all nations, and especially to ours, for their share of the work. Roman history was more especially his subject: he may be said to have dug up old Rome with his pen. He was too much of the period of national humiliation to be without his feelings, but he ever strove to keep them in due subordination to the facts. Nationalism and the dread of revolution were the dominant principles of his political philosophy.

Eichhorn, the most important of his immediate successors, went beyond this in his resolve to dedicate himself to history as a labour of constructive patriotism. Then

came the Grimms, especially Jacob, with their glorious anthologies of the old German literature for the discovery of the Folk soul. If this was bias, it was only the natural one—*for* Germany, without being against the foreigner. "Prussia is done for," said Napoleon, "she has disappeared from the map of Europe." Even Goethe despaired: "shake your chains as you will, he is too strong for you." Wilken, a pupil of Eichhorn, went a step farther in his *History of the Crusades*, with Germany as the leading Power in Europe. A history of the Middle Ages, in his view, should begin and end with the German race.

Ranke, the other great monumental figure after Niebuhr, was from first to last a sobering force. With him history was simply a great object lesson in ethics and religion, and only with all possible reverence for the facts. He was as fair to the Popes as to Luther and the Reformation: balance was the only passion of his placid soul. He was fair to Prussia—too discriminatingly so to please many, Carlyle among them—for now, in the middle of the century, the taint of partisanship had become as indelible as a birth-mark. He simply refused to discuss the annexation of Silesia as a legal act. He was fair to England for the order and conservatism of her march of progress. He welcomed the war of 1870, but mainly as a triumph of conservatism over revolutionary Europe, and he was wholly free from the jingo taint. His rivals grew more and more impatient of his virtues: one dubbed him a sort of historian in kid gloves; another, a mere æsthete, whose outlook was that of an artist and not of a statesman. For all that, as Mr. Gooch shows, he was "the first to divorce the study of the past from the passions of the present, and to relate what actually occurred." And this, too, on the authority of the strictly contemporary sources of the period in hand. He founded the science of historical evidence and withal was "beyond comparison the greatest historical writer of modern times."

But the Germanising professors, if not the purely Prussian variety, were now maturing for their entry into politics as a party rather than a school. With them history was but a setting for the burning questions of the hour, and the idol of impartiality stood in their way. As far back as 1826 Leo had thought proper

to censure what he was pleased to call Ranke's "timid avoidance of personal views," by which he meant his refusal to tilt the scale; and to talk of his work as mere porcelain painting for ladies and amateurs. His own work in history was certainly not open to that reproach: he seems never to have fastened on a theme without trying to make it serve the purpose of propaganda. "He glories in Hildebrand and Canossa, approves the inquisition and the Albigensian crusade, condemns Wycliffe and Hus, denounces Luther as the enemy of authority, and justifies Alva's reign of blood." This gave the patriots a method, if it did not give them a doctrine, worthy of the name, and they were soon able to claim the illustrious Gervinus as a leader. The active life, he declared, was the middle point of all history. One of his heroes was Machiavelli, who "dared all for the good of his country." In this instance, indeed, it was only action for the promotion of democratic, as distinct from merely nationalistic ideas. He witnessed the unification of Germany without enthusiasm, and denounced Bismarck for the war of 1864. He even kept his cap on his head when every other was in the air for Sedan. "I have always urged a federation, not a Prussian hegemony based on force." He "hardly belonged to any nation," said Treitschke, as he brushed him aside.

Waitz discovered that the early German tribes were highly civilised; and when one critic hinted that he ought therefore to have put them more into the picture, he excused himself on the ground that his authorities were chiefly "foreigners"—Tacitus, no doubt, among the number. Giesebrecht, a thorough conservative in politics, brings in the thin end of the wedge of the Imperial theme—a powerful empire, a vigorous church, a God-fearing people. He rises to enthusiasm over the emperors: "they made the German the people of peoples." Exactly what is thought at the Berlin Schloss to-day, exactly what its master thought when he got rid of Bismarck, in order to appropriate all the glory of the achievement to the dynasty. Even Sybel will hear nothing of this in regard to the emperors—the only hope of salvation for the bewildered reader is in the way these authorities contradict each other on the facts. He saw that all this reverence for the old empire was but a new-fangled thing, even if he did not fully suspect what

purposes it was to be made to serve. Giesebrecht, he thought, would have done better if he had moderated his raptures, and struck a profit and loss account. The huge centralised empire of Charlemagne was detrimental to the races that needed free play. The subsequent failure of Otto's attempt to revive it was a blessing for German nationality. Still, he added, as though by way of putting himself in order, Prussia was the true leader. At the same time, a scandalised Slavonic scholar rapped out a warning note against the limitless idealisation of the German race. It passed all bounds; the German historian had two moral standards: one for Germans, another for the rest of mankind. While the Germans were extolled as the embodiment of every virtue, their age was bloody and dark.

The Prussian school began with Dahlmann, who had begun to write before 1848. But all he wanted was a Liberal empire under Prussian leadership, with constitutionalism for its corner-stone. Duncker, who followed, naturally wanted more: the German question was not one of freedom, but of force. He supported Bismarck in his conflict with the Parliament: "His writings breathe an almost mystical devotion to the dynasty." He had his reward, unsought in all probability, in his appointment as a kind of tutor to the Crown Prince Frederick, and Historiographer of Brandenburg. The next highest bidder was Droysen, pointing the moral for action, with a genial glorification of the military caste, and the militant statesmen. Prussia must not content herself any longer with being the second power in Germany—Bismarck is delighted with that. The old gang of moderation and common-sense protests against a book of this writer as "a bad novel," but he goes cheerily on to a verdict in favour of the Prussian claim to Silesia, in spite, as we have seen, of the fact that Ranke had declined to discuss it on its ethical side. Droysen discovers in his sources everything that he wants to find, even when it is not there. And finally he touches the bed-rock of false principles on which all his followers have since built with the declaration that the State, which is the all in all, is not the sum of the individuals whom it comprehends, nor does it arise from their will. The present Kaiser, in his turn, must have been delighted with this: he once sent a special message to Parliament to the

effect that he had no knowledge of the people as the source or sanction of his power.

The current has now become too strong for Sybel, and he shows his effective repentance in a fierce onslaught on the French Revolution in every single energy of its being —an outburst that led Frederic Harrison to characterise him as "little more than a German Alison." In a moment of unwonted candour he owns his weakness: "I am four-sevenths politician and three-sevenths professor." After Sedan, he is Bismarck's man, body and soul, and is ready to defend the awful crime of the doctoring of the text of the Ems telegram that goaded France into the war. It was "shortened" only, not altered. He met with his appropriate reward. He had retained enough of his old doubts, as to the supreme part played by the emperors in German history, to venture to show that Bismarck counted for more than his nominal master in the overthrow of France. This angered the new master, the Kaiser who is still with us. He not only vetoed the grant of a prize to Sybel for one of his works, but excluded him from the archives of the Foreign Office—a touch of petty spite that may help us to take his measure.

The greatest and last of the band was Treitschke. "The most eloquent of preachers, the most fervid of apostles, the most passionate of partisans," says Mr. Gooch, "he most completely embodies the blending of history and politics which it was the aim of the School to achieve." He simplifies the issue at the start, by adopting as his life motto: "In the dust with all the enemies of the Brandenburg." Germany is to be not only one empire, but one State. The smaller fry are not to be federated into union, but annexed. Prussia is to attack them straight away, apparently without waiting for the formalities of a quarrel. Hanover, Hesse, Saxony "ripe and over-ripe for annihilation. My father will grieve over it—he was himself a Saxon—but." He, too, stood the test of the Ems telegram, which is a sort of touchstone for the best or, rather, the worst of them, without a pang. Even Sybel, as we have seen, could find nothing better to say in defence of it than that nothing had been added, only something left out. The other disdains all finessing of that sort. "What a humiliation we have escaped! Had not Bismarck so

cleverly edited the telegram the King would have given way again." The history of Germany, in which he reveals himself in these interesting lights, comes into universal acceptance, and not as a mere history with others, not even as the history, but as German History—for good and all. His brother professors bleat protest here and there, but he can afford to pay no heed to them: Germany has found what it wanted, its god of Grab. The old superseded deity of judgment and mercy was still able to discharge a Parthian shot before retiring from the scene. "God cannot take me away till I have written my sixth volume," cried Treitschke; yet he died while it was still to write.

He had all the gifts indispensable to a task which was to be brutal, reactionary, and a standing outrage on the human conscience from first to last, the magic of style, a power of loving and hating with almost volcanic force, a pen that was also a sword. All the catchwords of national and racial hatred were at his finger ends. He honours England with the bitterest detestation, "the Bible in one hand, an opium pipe in the other"—pipe and Bible as a matter of course. The Jews catch it in just the same way, and the anti-Semitism of Stöcker comes into its own. The hope of banishing war is not only meaningless, but immoral. The duel is a discipline for it: "If the strong vanquishes the weak, it is the law of life." It is history treated by a prophet scold of the first class, to meet the wants of the all-conquering race—history drawn and twisted into the required shapes like a piece of Austrian bentwood. It degrades colonisation to the level of a mere parochial extension of the German norm in every institution and in every detail of corporate life, the very thing it is not and never can be in our day.

The end and the be-all of the State, we are told, is power: he who is not man enough to look this truth in the face should not meddle with politics. A sacrifice made to an alien nation is not only immoral: it contradicts the idea of self-preservation which is the highest ideal of a State. God will see to it that war shall constantly recur as a drastic medicine for the human race. In one of his functions, Treitschke is a sort of understudy of the furies of the old horde, shrieking on the new one to rapine and blood.

But one more prophet of wrath was wanted, and he came—Nietzsche. He is a thrice-told tale by this time, yet he has been strangely misconceived. His true significance, I suspect, is the one thing we have all missed. Historically, he continues the line of the great satirists of the world, as the Rabelais or the Swift of his time. To construe him literally is to degrade the estimate of his remarkable powers. He was a man-hater at war with his age, a super-sensitive, with a skin disease of vanity finally burrowing down to the roots of his being—a Timon of Athens, if you like, with Wagner for one of his ingrates. His philosophy is but his vengeance on the whole pack, in the form of fable. To take his Superman with a grave face as the forecast of the course of human development is to be in the same plight as the two right reverend prelates who discussed the import of Gulliver. There were some things in it, said one, that almost passed belief, while the other made bold to declare that, for his part, he didn't believe a word of it. Nietzsche's concept of the Son of Man as a patriot trickster in the service of the Rabbis was assuredly not his belief, but one that in his wrath he would fain attribute to the bulk of his fellow-creatures. His girding at morals was but compassion for its low estate, rendered, of course, in the terms of irony. His dog-whip, as the only instrument for the government of women, was, equally in the nature of the case, no personal conviction of one who owed everything to the love and care of the most devoted of womankind. His true mark was that scorn of the suffering mass, that deification of the merciless masters, which he found in the society of all time. He saw that the ages have known no other dominant type, and that humanity, as it stands to-day under the burden of its sorrows, is the tragic result.

The letter killeth: to take all this at its face value is but Sporus breaking his butterfly on the wheel. He saw that modern society was perishing of the megalomania of individualism, and he produced his monster of the Superman, as Rabelais produced some of his giants.

But this is exactly what Germany has done at the bidding of the fatuous Brandes, eager to make good his claim to the discovery of a new light in literature. He has no criterion of judgment but the "powerful personality." He might have known that Superman is but the exaggera-

tion, in caricature, of a favourite fancy of the professor at whose feet Nietzsche sat as a youth in the lecture room. Bürckhardt revelled in his conception of the "universal man" of the Renascence, the Tyrant and the Condottiere, who, "despite their ruthlessness, were men cast in a gigantic mould." It was the pupil's protest, not his confession of faith.

Bernhardi, with equal ingenuity in missing the point, is to Treitschke what Brandes is to Nietzsche. He hardly counts in any serious consideration of the case. He has degraded the Prussian historians to the level of mere quotations for his "trade circulars" of war, and is at best but a parasite of the regular growths. To be preached to death by a dull curate, as well as a wild one, is to suffer the superfluous pang. He stands for nothing but a pedantic scheme for the subjugation of the whole earth, until but one barbaric cry, and that a Hoch! shall be heard over the roofs of the world. He is about the only one of them known in this country. Yet, with all his imperfections on his head, he ought to be "appointed to be read in churches," not as an Apocalyptic warning of our national fate, but only to bring comfort to the citizen in his pew. England, of course, looms largely in his plan of campaign. She has long since found that those who set themselves to break Parliaments are apt to find Parliaments able to break them. Even the Prussian historians might have told him that those who undertake the larger task of breaking England run some risk of the same fate.

To form an idea of the extent to which all this has cast its spell over the German mind, we have only to turn to a curious manifesto from the German theologians, issued in the earlier stages of the war. It was addressed to "Evangelical Christians Abroad," and was, as the phrase goes, most influentially signed by professors, pastors, missionaries, evidently, by their official titles, of the highest standing in Berlin, Munich, Halle, Hamburg, Göttingen, Frankfort, Leipsig, and elsewhere. That nothing might be wanting to give it its peculiar character, it came at a time when no small part of Belgium was but a landscape of burned villages, and thousands of wretched creatures, who had lost their all, were tramping the blood-stained roads on their way beyond sea for a roof and a crust. In

face of all this, the manifesto invited the sympathies of the Evangelical churches of Christendom for a German people, whose ideal was peaceful work, who desired to thrust none from its place, who claimed only "a modest share of colonisation in the primitive world," and who had only drawn the sword "to repel a wanton attack," and in defence of its individuality, its culture, and its honour.

The document concluded with passages from the Lord's prayer.

This far transcends hypocrisy, it comes out of the very night of the human mind, the atrophy of the human soul, and it will remain for many a day the most terrible weapon in the armoury of the adversary. From first to last, the cause of Germany is implicitly identified with civilisation, and the latter with "Teutonic Protestantism." No wonder that *Civilisation: Its Cause and Cure* is one of the most widely read of Edward Carpenter's works.

THE WAR OF LIBERATION

From a Journal

By May Sinclair

OSTEND, *September 25th*, 1914.—After the painful births and deaths of I don't know how many committees, after six weeks' struggling with something we imagined to be Red Tape, which proved to be the combined egoism of several persons all desperately anxious to "get to the Front," and desperately afraid of somebody else getting there too, and getting there first, we are actually off.

There are thirteen of us: the Commandant, and Dr. Haynes and Dr. Bird under him; and Mrs. Torrence, a trained nurse and midwife, who can drive a motor car through anything, and take it to bits and put it together again; Janet McNeil, an expert motorist, and Ursula Dearmer and Mrs. Lambert, Red Cross Emergency nurses; Mr. Grierson, Mr. Foster, and Mr. Riley, stretcher-bearers, and two chauffeurs, and me. I don't know where I come in. But they've called me the Secretary and Reporter, which sounds very fine, and I am to keep the accounts (Heaven help them!) and write the Commandant's reports, and toss off articles for the daily papers, to make a little money for the Corps.

We are off.

And we have landed at Ostend.

I'll confess now that I dreaded Ostend more than anything. We had been told that there were horrors upon horrors in Ostend. The state of the bathing-machines, where the Refugees lived, was unspeakable. I imagined the Digue covered with the horrific bathing-machines. On the other hand, Ostend was said to be the safest spot in Europe. No Germans there. No Zeppelins. No bombs.

And we found the bathing-machines planted out several miles from the town, almost invisible specks on a vanishing

shore-line. The refugees we met walking about the streets of Ostend were in fairly good case and bore themselves bravely. But the town had been bombarded the night before and our hotel had been the object of very special attentions. We chose it (the Terminus) because it lay close to the landing-stage, and saved us the trouble of going into the town to look for quarters. It was under the same roof as the railway station, where we proposed to leave our ambulance cars and heavy luggage. And we had no difficulty whatever in getting rooms for the whole thirteen of us. There was no sort of competition for rooms in that hotel. I said to myself: "If Ostend ever *is* bombarded, this railway station will be the first to suffer. And the hotel and railway station are one." And when I was shown into a bedroom with glass windows all along its inner wall and a fine glass front looking out on to the platforms under the immense glass roof of the station, I said: "If this hotel is ever bombarded, what fun it will be for the person who sleeps in this bed between these glass windows."

We were all rather tired and hungry as we met for dinner at seven o'clock. And when we were told that all lights would be put out in the town at 8.30, we only thought that a municipality which was receiving all the refugees in Belgium must practise *some* economy, and that, anyway, an hour and a half was enough for anybody to dine in; and we hoped that the Commandant, who had gone to call on the English chaplain at the Grand Hotel Littoral, would find his way back again to the peaceful and commodious shelter of the Terminus.

He did find his way back, at 7.30, just in time to give us a chance of clearing out, if we chose to take it. The English chaplain, it seemed, was surprised and dismayed at our idea of a suitable hotel, and he implored us to fly, instantly, before a bomb burst in among us (this was the first we had heard of the bombardment of the night before). The Commandant put it to us as we sat there: Whether would we leave that dining-room at once and pack our baggage all over again, and bundle out, and go hunting for rooms all through Ostend with the lights out, and perhaps fall into the harbour; or stay where we were and risk the off-chance of a bomb? And we were all very

tired and hungry, and we had only got to the soup, and we had seen (and smelt) the harbour, so we said we'd stay where we were and risk it.

And we stayed. A Taube hovered over us and never dropped its bomb.

Saturday, 26th.—When we compared notes the next morning we found that we had all gone soundly to sleep, too tired to take the Taube seriously, all except our two chauffeurs, who were downright annoyed because no bomb had entered their bedroom. Then we all went out and looked at the little hole in the roof of the fish-market, and the big hole in the hotel garden, and thought of bombs as curious natural phenomena that never had, and never would have, any intimate connection with *us*.

And for five weeks, ever since I knew that I must certainly go out with this expedition, I had been living in black funk; in shameful and appalling terror. Every night before I went to sleep I saw an interminable spectacle of horrors, trunks without heads, heads without trunks, limbs tangled in intestines, corpses by every roadside, murders, mutilations, my friends shot dead before my eyes. Nothing I shall ever see will be more ghastly than the things I have seen. And yet, before a possibly-to-be-bombarded Ostend this strange visualising process ceases, and I see nothing and feel nothing. Absolutely nothing; until suddenly the Commandant announces that he is going into the town, by himself, to *buy a hat*, and I get my first experience of real terror.

For the hats that the Commandant buys when he is by himself—there are no words for them.

We have left Ostend for Ghent.

We pass through Bruges without seeing it. I have no recollection whatever of having seen the belfry. We see nothing but the canal (where we halt to take in petrol) and more villages, more faces. And more troops.

Half-way between Bruges and Ghent an embankment thrown up on each side of the road tells of possible patrols and casual shooting. It is the first visible intimation that the enemy may be anywhere.

A curious excitement comes to you. I suppose it is excitement, though it doesn't feel like it. You have been drunk, very slightly drunk, with the speed of the car. But

now you are sober. Your heart beats quietly, steadily, but with a little creeping, mounting thrill in the beat. The sensation is distinctly pleasurable. You say to yourself, "It is coming. Now—or the next minute—perhaps at the end of the road." You have one moment of regret. "After all, it would be a pity if it came too soon, before we'd even begun our job." But the thrill, mounting steadily, overtakes the regret. It is only a little thrill, so far (for you don't really believe that there is any danger), but you can imagine the thing growing, growing steadily, till it becomes ecstasy. Not that you imagine anything at the moment. At the moment you are no longer an observing, reflecting being; you have ceased to be aware of yourself; you exist only in that quiet, steady thrill that is so unlike any excitement that you have ever known. Presently you get used to it. "What a fool I should have been if I hadn't come. I wouldn't have missed this run for the world."

A church spire, a few roofs rising above trees. Then many roofs all together. Then the beautiful, grey-white foreign city.

As we run through the streets we are followed by cyclists; cyclists issue from every side-street and pour into our road; cyclists rise up out of the ground to follow us. We don't realise all at once that it is the ambulance they are following. Bowing low like racers over their handlebars, they shoot past us; they slacken pace and keep alongside, they shoot ahead; the cyclists are most fearfully excited. It dawns on us that they are escorting us; that they are racing each other; that they are bringing the news of our arrival to the town. They behave as if we were the vanguard of the British Army.

We pass the old Military Hospital, *Hôpital Militaire* No. I, and presently arrive at the Flandria Palace Hotel, which is *Hôpital Militaire* No. II. The cyclists wheel off, scatter and disappear. The crowd in the *Place* gathers round the porch of the hotel to look at the English Ambulance.

We enter. We are received by various officials and presented to Madame F., the head of the Red Cross nursing staff. There is some confusion, and Mrs. Torrence finds herself introduced as the Secretary of the English Committee. Successfully concealed behind the broadest

back in the Corps, which belongs to Mr. Grierson, I have time to realise how funny we all are. Everybody in the hospital is in uniform, of course. The nurses of the Belgian Red Cross wear white linen over-alls, with the brassard on one sleeve and the Red Cross on the breasts of their over-alls, and over their foreheads on the front of their white linen veils. The men wear military or semi-military uniforms. We had never agreed as to our uniform, and some of us had had no time to get it, if we had agreed. Assembled in the vestibule, we look more like a party of refugees, or the cast of a Barrie play, than a field ambulance corps. Mr. Grierson, the Chaplain, alone wears complete khaki, in which he is indistinguishable from any Tommy. The Commandant, obeying some mysterious inspiration, had left his khaki suit behind. He wears a Norfolk jacket and one of his hats. Mr. Foster, in plain clothes, with a satchel slung over his shoulders, has the air of an inquiring tourist. Mrs. Torrence and Janet McNeil, in short khaki tunics, khaki putties, and round Jaeger caps, and very thick coats over all, strapped in with leather belts, look as if they were about to sail on an Arctic expedition; I was told to wear dark blue serge, and I wear it accordingly; Ursula Dearmer and Mrs. Lambert are in normal clothes. But the amiable officials and the angelic Belgian ladies behave as if there was nothing in the least odd about our appearance. They remember only that we are English and that it is now six o'clock and that we have had no tea. They conceive this to be the most deplorable fate that can overtake the English, and they hurry us into the great kitchen to a round table loaded with cake and bread and butter and enormous bowls of tea. The angelic beings in white veils wait on us. We are hungry, and we think (a pardonable error) that this meal is hospital supper; after which some work will surely be found for us to do.

We are shown to our quarters on the third floor. We expect two bare dormitories with rows of hard beds, which we are prepared to make ourselves, besides sweeping the dormitories, and we find a fine suite of rooms—a mess-room, bed-rooms, dressing-rooms, bath-rooms—and hospital orderlies for our *valets de chambre*.

We unpack, sit round the mess-room, and wait for

orders. Perhaps we may all be sent down into the kitchen to wash up. Personally, I hope we shall be, for washing-up is a thing I can do both quickly and well. It is now seven o'clock.

At half-past we are sent down into the kitchen, not to wash up, but, if you will believe it, to dine. And more hospital orderlies wait on us at dinner.

The desire of our hearts is to do *something*, if it is only to black the boots of the angelic beings. But no, there is nothing for us to do. To-morrow, perhaps, the doctors and stretcher-bearers will be busy. We hear that only five wounded have been brought into the hospital to-day. They have no ambulance cars, and ours will be badly needed—to-morrow. But to-night, no.

We go out into the town, to the Hôtel de la Poste, and sit outside the café and drink black coffee in despair. We find our chauffeurs doing the same thing. Then we go back to our sumptuous hotel and so, dejectedly, to bed. Aeroplanes hover above us all night.

Sunday, 27th.—Dr. Wilson has come. He looks clever and nice. We hang about waiting for orders. They may come at any moment. Meanwhile, this place grows queer and fantastic. Now it is an hotel, and now it is a military hospital; its two aspects shift and merge into each other with a dream-like effect.

I confess to a slight persistent fear of *seeing* these wounded whom I cannot help. It is not very active, it has left off visualising the horror of bloody bandages and mangled bodies. But it's there, it waits for me in every corridor and at the turn of every stair, and it makes me loathe myself.

We have news this morning of a battle at Alost, a town about fifteen kilometres south-east of Ghent. The Belgians are moving forty thousand men from Antwerp towards Ghent, and heavy fighting is expected near the town. If we are not in the thick of it, we are on the edge of the thick.

They have just told us an awful thing. Two wounded men were left lying out on the battle-field all night after yesterday's fighting. The military ambulances did not fetch them. Our ambulance was not sent out. There are all sorts of formalities to be observed before it can go.

We haven't got our military passes yet. And our English Red Cross brassards are no use. We must have Belgian ones, stamped with the Government stamp. And these things take time.

We are all suffering a slight tension. The men, who can see no reason why the ambulance should not have been sent out last night, are restless and abstracted and impatient for the order to get up and go. No wonder. They have been waiting five weeks for their chance.

Our restlessness increases.

11 a.m.—I have seen one of them. As I went downstairs this morning, two men, carrying a stretcher, crossed the landing below. I saw the outline of the wounded body under the blanket, and the head laid back on the pillow.

It is impossible, it is inconceivable, that I should have been afraid of seeing this. It is as if the wounded man himself absolved me from the memory and the reproach of fear.

And here on the first landing is another wounded. His face is deformed by an abscess from a bullet in his mouth. It gives him a terrible look, half savage, wholly suffering. He sits there and cannot speak.

And at noon no orders have come for us.

They come just as we are sitting down to lunch. Our ambulance car is to go to Alost at once. The Commandant is arrested in the act of cutting bread. Dr. Bird is arrested in the act of eating it. We are all arrested in our several acts. As if they had been criminal acts, we desist suddenly. The men get up and look at each other. It is clear that they cannot all go. Mr. Grierson looks at the Commandant.

The Commandant looks at Dr. Bird and tells him that he may go if he likes. His tone is admirably casual, it conveys no sense of the magnificence of his renunciation. He looks also at Mr. Grierson and Mr. Foster. The lot of honour falls upon these three.

They set out, with the air of a youthful picnic party. Dr. Bird is the boisterous young man in charge of the champagne.

They have come back, incredibly safe, and have brought in four wounded.

Later in the evening both cars were sent out, Car No. 1 with the Commandant.

They all come back, impossibly safe. They are rather like children after the party, too excited to give a lucid and coherent tale of what they've done. My ambulance Day-book stores the stuff from which reports and newspaper articles are to be made. I note that Car No. 1 has brought three wounded to Hospital I., and that Car No. 2 has brought four wounded to Hospital II., also that a dum-dum bullet has been found in the hand of one of the three. There is a considerable stir among the surgeons over this bullet. They are vaguely gratified at its being found in our hospital and not the other.

Little Janet McNeil and Mr. Riley, and all the others who were left behind, have gone to bed in hopeless gloom. Even the bullet hasn't roused them beyond the first tense moment.

Monday, 28th.—We have been here a hundred years.

If there are not enough wounded to go round in Ghent, there are more refugees than Ghent can deal with. They are pouring in by all the roads from Alost and Termonde. Every train disgorged multitudes of them into the *Place*.

This morning I went to the Matron, Madame F., and told her I wasn't much good, but I'd be glad if she could give me some work. I said I supposed there was some to be done among the refugees.

Work? Among the refugees? They could employ whole armies of us. There are thousands of refugees at the Palais des Fêtes. I had better go there and see what is being done. Madame will give me an introduction to her sister-in-law, Madame F., the *Présidente* of the *Comité des Dames*, and to her niece, Mademoiselle F., who will take me to the Palais.

And Madame adds that there will soon be work for all of us in the hospital. Yes: even for the untrained.

Life is once more bearable.

In the afternoon Mademoiselle F. called to take me to the Palais des Fêtes. We stopped at a shop on the way to buy the Belgian Red Cross uniform—the white linen over-all and veil—which you must wear if you work among the refugees there.

Madame F. is very kind and very tired. She has been

working here since early morning for weeks on end. They are short of volunteers for the service of the evening meals, and I am to work at the tables for three hours, from 6 to 9 p.m. This is settled, and a young Red Cross volunteer takes me over the Palais. It is an immense building, rather like Olympia. It stands away from the town in open grounds like the Botanical Gardens, Regent's Park. It is where the great annual shows were held and vast civic entertainments given. Metres of country round Ghent are given up to market-gardening. There are whole fields of begonias out here, brilliant and vivid in the sun. They will never be sold, never gathered, never shown in the Palais des Fêtes. It is the peasants, the men and women who tilled these fields, and their children that are being shown here, in the splendid and wonderful place where they never set foot before.

There are four thousand of them lying on straw in the outer hall, in a space larger than Olympia. They are laid out in rows all round the four walls, and on every foot of ground between, men, women, and children together, packed so tight that there is barely standing-room between any two of them. Here and there a family huddles up close, trying to put a few inches between it and the rest, some have hollowed out a place in the straw or piled a barrier of straw between themselves and their neighbours, in a piteous attempt at privacy; some have dragged their own bedding with them and are lodged in comparative comfort. But these are the very few. The most part are utterly destitute, and utterly abandoned to their destitution. They are broken with fatigue. They have stumbled and dropped, no matter where, no matter beside whom. None turns from his neighbour; none scorns or hates or loathes his fellow. The rigidly righteous *bourgeoise* lies in the straw breast to breast with the harlot of the village slum, and her innocent daughter back to back with the parish drunkard. Nothing matters. Nothing will ever matter any more.

They tell you that when darkness comes down on all this there is hell. But you do not believe it. You can see nothing sordid and nothing ugly here. The scale is too vast. Your mind refuses this coupling of infamy with transcendent sorrow. It rejects all images but the one

image of desolation, which is final and supreme. It is as if these forms had no stability and no significance of their own; as if they were locked together in one immense body and stirred or slept as one.

Two or three figures mount guard over this litter of prostrate forms. They are old men and old women seated on chairs. They sit upright and immobile, with their hands folded on their knees. Some of them have fallen asleep where they sit. They are all rigid in an attitude of resignation. They have the dignity of figures that will endure, like that, for ever. They are Flamands.

This place is terribly still. There is hardly any rustling of the straw. Only here and there the cry of a child fretting for sleep or for its mother's breast. These people do not speak to each other. Half of them are sound asleep, fixed in the posture they took when they dropped into the straw. The others are drowsed with weariness, stupefied with sorrow. On all these thousands of faces there is a mortal apathy. Their ruin is complete. They have been stripped bare of the means of life and of all likeness to living things. They do not speak. They do not think. They do not, for the moment, feel. In all the four thousand—except for the child crying yonder—there is not one tear.

And you who look at them cannot speak or think or feel either, and you have not one tear. A path has been cleared through the straw from door to door down the middle of the immense hall, a narrower track goes all round it in front of the litters that are ranged under the walls, and you are taken through and round the Show. You are to see it all. The dear little Belgian lady, your guide, will not let you miss anything. "*Regardez, Mademoiselle, ces deux petites filles. Qu'elles sont jolies, les pauvres petites.*" "*Voici deux jeunes mariés, qui dorment. Regardez l'homme; il tient encore la main de sa femme.*"

You look. Yes. They are asleep. He is really holding her hand. "*Et ces quatre petits enfants qui ont perdu leur père et leur mère. C'est triste, n'est-ce pas, Mademoiselle?*"

And you say: "*Oui, Mademoiselle. C'est bien triste.*"

But you don't mean it. You don't feel it. You don't

know whether it is "*triste*" or not. You are not sure that "*triste*" is the word for it. There are no words for it, because there are no ideas for it. It is a sorrow that transcends all sorrow that you have ever known. You have a sort of idea that, perhaps, if you can ever feel again, this sight will be worse to remember than it is to see. You can't believe what you see; you are stunned, stupefied, as if you yourself had been crushed and numbed in the same catastrophe. Only now and then a face upturned (a face that your guide hasn't pointed out to you), surging out of this incredible welter of faces and forms, smites you with pity, and you feel as if you had received a lacerating wound in sleep.

Little things strike you, though. Already you are forgetting the faces of the two little girls and of the young husband and wife holding each other's hands, and of the four little children who have lost their father and mother, but you notice the little dog, the yellow-brown mongrel terrier, that absurd little dog which belongs to all races and all countries. He has obtained possession of the warm centre of a pile of straw and is curled up on it fast asleep. And the Flemish family who brought him, who carried him in turn for miles rather than leave him to the Germans, they cannot stretch themselves on the straw because of him. They have propped themselves up as best they may all round him, and they cannot sleep, they are too uncomfortable.

More thousands than there is room for in the straw are fed three times a day in the inner hall, leading out of this dreadful dormitory. All round the inner hall and on the upper storey off the gallery are rooms for washing and dressing the children, and for bandaging sore feet and attending to the wounded. For there are many wounded among the refugees. This part of the Palais is also a hospital, with separate wards for men, for women and children, and for special cases.

Late in the evening, M. P—— took the whole corps to see the Palais des Fêtes, and I went again. By night, I suppose, it is even more "*triste*" than it was by day. In the darkness, the gardens have taken on some malign mystery, and have given it to the multitudes that move there, that turn in the winding paths among ghostly

flowers and bushes, that approach and recede and approach in the darkness of the lawns. Blurred by the darkness and diminished to the barest indications of humanity, their forms are more piteous and forlorn than ever; their faces, thrown up by the darkness, more awful in their blankness and their pallor. The scene, drenched in darkness, is unearthly and unintelligible. You cannot account for it in saying to yourself that these are the refugees, and everybody knows what a refugee is; that there is War—and everybody knows what War is—in Belgium, and that these people have been shelled out of their homes and are here at the Palais des Fêtes, because there is no other place for them, and the kind citizens of Ghent have undertaken to house and feed them here. That doesn't make it one bit more credible or bring you nearer to the secret of these forms. You who are compelled to move with them in the sinister darkness are more than ever under the spell that forbids you and them to feel. You are deadened now to the touch of the incarnate.

On the edge of the lawn, near the door of the *Palais*, some ghostly roses are growing on a ghostly tree. Your guide, M. P——, pauses to tell you their names and kind. It seems that they are rare.

Several hundred more refugees have come into the *Palais* since the afternoon. They have had to pack them a little closer in the straw. Eight thousand were fed this evening in the inner hall.

In the crush I got separated from M. P—— and from the Corps. I see some of them in the distance, the Commandant and Ursula Dearmer and Mrs. Torrence and M. P——. I do not feel as if I belonged to them any more. I belong so much to the stunned sleepers in the straw who cannot feel.

Nice Dr. Wilson comes across to me, and we go round together, looking at the sleepers. He says that nothing he has seen of the war has moved him so much as this sight. He wishes that the Kaiser could be brought here to see what he has done. And I find myself clenching my hands tight till it hurts, not to suppress my feelings—for I feel nothing—but because I am afraid that kind Dr. Wilson is going to talk. At the same time, I would rather he didn't leave me just yet. There is a sort of comfort and pro-

tection in being with somebody who isn't callous, who can really feel.

But Dr. Wilson isn't very fluent, and presently he leaves off talking, too.

Near the door we pass the family with the little yellow-brown dog. All the day the little dog slept in their place. And now that they are trying to sleep, he will not let them. The little dog is wide awake and walking all over them. And when you think what it must have cost to bring him—

C'est triste, n'est-ce pas?

As we left the gardens, M. P—— gathered two ghostly roses, the last left on their tree, and gave one to Mrs. Lambert and one to me. I felt something rather like a pang, then. Heaven knows why, for such a little thing.

Conference in our mess-room. M. le C., the Belgian Red Cross guide, who goes out with our ambulances, is there. He is very serious and important. The Commandant calls us to come and hear what he has to say. It seems that it had been arranged that one of our cars should be sent to-morrow morning to Termonde to bring back refugees. But M. le C. does not think that car will ever start. He says that the Germans are now within a few miles of Ghent, and may be expected to occupy it to-morrow morning, and that, instead of going to Termonde to-morrow, we had very much better pack up and retreat to Bruges to-night. There are ten thousand Germans ready to march into Ghent.

M. le C. is weighed down by the thought of his ten thousand Germans. But the Commandant is not weighed down a bit. On the contrary, a pleasant exaltation comes upon him. It comes upon the whole Corps, it comes even upon me. We refuse to believe in his ten thousand Germans. M. le C. himself cannot swear to them. We refuse to pack up. We refuse to retreat to Bruges to-night. Time enough for agitation in the morning. We prefer to go to bed. M. le C. shrugs his shoulders, as much as to say that he has done his duty, and if we are all murdered in our beds it isn't his fault.

Does M. le C. really believe in the advance of the ten thousand? His face is inscrutable.

Tuesday, 29th.—No Germans in Ghent. No Germans reported near Ghent.

5.30. It is my turn now at the Palais des Fêtes.

It took ages to get in. The dining-hall is narrower than the sleeping-hall, but it extends beyond it on one side, where there is a large door opening on the garden. But this door is closed to the public. You can only reach the dining-hall by going through the straw among the sleepers. And at this point the Commandant's optimism has broken down. He won't let you go in through the straw, and the clerk who controls the entry won't let you go in through the other door. You explain to the clerk that the English Ambulance, being quartered in a Military Hospital, its rules are inviolable; it is not allowed to expose itself to the horrors of the straw. The clerk is not interested in the English Ambulance, he is not impressed by the fact that it has volunteered its priceless services to the Refugee Committee, and he is contemptuous of the orders of its Commandant. His business is to see that you go into the *Palais* through *his* door and not through any other door. And when you tell him that if he will not withdraw his regulations the Ambulance will be compelled to withdraw its services, he replies with delicious sarcasm: "*Nous n'avons pas prévu ça.*"

In the end you are referred to the Secretary in his bureau. He grasps the situation and is urbanity itself. Provided with a special permit bearing his sacred signature you are admitted by the other door.

Your passage to the *Vestiaire* takes you through the infants' room and along the galleries past the wards. The crowd of refugees is so great that beds have been put up in the galleries. You take off your outer garments and put on the Belgian Red Cross uniform (you have realised by this time that your charming white over-all and veil are sanitary precautions).

Coming down the wide wooden stairways you have a full view of the Inner Hall. This enormous oblong space below the galleries is the heart, the fervid central *foyer* of the Palais des Fêtes. At either end of it is an immense auditorium, tier above tier of seats, rising towards the gallery floors. All down each side of it, standards with triumphal devices are tilted from the balustrade. Banners hang from the rafters.

And under them, down the whole length of the hall from auditorium to auditorium, the tables are set out.

Bare, wooden tables, one after another, more tables than you can count.

From the door of the sleeping-hall to each auditorium, and from each auditorium down the line of the tables, a gangway is roped off for the passage of the refugees.

They say there are ten thousand five hundred here to-night. Beyond the rope-line, along the inner hall, more straw has been laid down to bed the overflow from the outer hall. They come on in relays to be fed. They are marshalled first into the seats of each auditorium, where they sit like the spectators of some monstrous festival, and wait for their turn at the tables.

This, the long procession of people streaming in without haste, in perfect order and submission, is heart-rending if you like. The immensity of the crowd no longer overpowers you. The barriers make it a steady procession, a creditable spectacle. You can take it in. It is the thin end of the wedge in your heart. They come on so slowly that you can count them as they come. They have sorted themselves out. The fathers and the mothers are together, they lead their little children by the hand or push them gently before them. There is no anticipation in their eyes; no eagerness and no impatience in their bearing. They do not hasten each other or scramble for their places. It is their silence and submission that you cannot stand.

For you have a moment of dreadful inactivity after the setting of the tables for the *première service*. You have filled your bowls with black coffee; somebody else has laid the slices of white bread on the bare tables. You have nothing to do but stand still and see them file into the banquet. On the banners and standards from the roof and balustrades the Lion of Flanders ramps over their heads. And somewhere in the back of your brain a song sings itself to a tune that something in your brain wakes up:—

Ils ne vont pas dompter
Le vieux lion de Flandres,
Tant que le lion a des dents,
Tant que le lion peut griffer.

It is the song the Belgian soldiers sang as they marched to battle in the first week of August. It is only the end of September now.

And somebody standing beside you says: "*C'est triste, n'est-ce pas?*"

You cannot look any more.

At the canteen the men are pouring out coffee from enormous enamelled jugs into the small jugs that the waitresses bring. This wastes your time and cools the coffee. So you take a big jug from the men. It seems to you no heavier than an ordinary tea-pot. And you run with it. To carry the largest possible jug at the swiftest possible pace is your only chance of keeping sane. (It isn't till it is all over that you hear the whisper of "*Anglaise!*" and realise how very far from sane you must have looked running round with your enormous jug.) You can fill up the coffee bowls again—the little bowls full, the big bowls only half full—there is more than enough coffee to go round. But there is no milk except for the babies. And when they ask you for more bread, there is not enough to go twice round. The ration is now two slices of dry bread and a bowl of black coffee three times a day. Till yesterday there was an allowance of meat for soup at the mid-day meal; to-day the army has commandeered all the meat.

But you needn't stand still any more. After the first service the bowls have to be cleared from the tables and washed and laid ready for the next. Round the great wooden tubs there is frightful competition. It is who can wash and dry and carry back the quickest. You contend with brawny Flemish women for the first dip into the tub and the driest towel. Then you race round the tables with your pile of crockery, and then with your jug, and so on over and over again for three hours, till the last relay is fed and the tables are deserted. You wash up again, and it is all over for you till six o'clock to-morrow evening.

You go back to your mess-room and a ten o'clock supper of cold coffee and sandwiches and Belgian currant loaf, eaten with butter. And in a nightmare afterwards, Belgian refugees gather round you and pluck at your sleeve and cry to you for more bread: "*Une petite tranche de pain, s'il vous plaît, mademoiselle!*"

(*To be continued.*)

The Price of Nationality

By W. L. George

> Hi there! Who will serve the King?
> And strike frog-eating Frenchmen dead?
> And cut off Bonyparty's head?
> And all that sort of thing?

The price of nationality is war.

Let it not be inferred from this statement that I belong to the "stop-the-war" party. For good or for evil this war has begun; it must be persisted in, whatever the cost, waged with the most extreme violence which man can conceive, brought to a successful conclusion. We are paying the penalty of living in historic times. I detest militarism, and though I will not concede that Germany has the monopoly of militarism, I can evidently have no love for its proficiency in the art of wanton aggression. But to say that this war will end war is to voice a sentiment which, however amiable, seems to rest on no foundation. This war will not end war, and no war can end war because war does not ingeminate the spirit of peace but the spirit of revenge. If the French win it is *La Revanche*. Jena was one for the French, Sedan one for the Germans; Berlin may be another for the French, and so on. After a war the victors are arrogant and swollen, particularly the non-combatants, seek further fields to conquer; that is not only the story of the Hohenzollerns; it is the story of Napoleon, of Alexander, of Charles XII. of Sweden, of every conqueror. Meanwhile the vanquished are sullen and mutter revenge: that is not only the story of France; it is the story of Prussia after Jena, of Italy after Custozza and Novara, of Britain after Majuba. War is like an animal or a plant; if fed it grows. And yet there are many who, carried away by sociological sentimentality, think to breed from the dogs of war the dove of peace, which is singular stud-practice. Among them is Mr. H. G. Wells.

I do not like to cavil when Mr. Wells proposes; to do so is like tearing feathers from the haughty wings of Icarus. He has such hopes and in his maturity has not forgotten the road to the fountain Hippocrene. But . . .

But, in common with many people who believe in the possible first and the desirable next, I ask for lesser flights. Did not the sun melt the waxen links of the Icarian wings? We must examine the quality of the people with whom we deal and the conditions in which they have their being. Such an inquiry is obviously essential if we seek out the impulses of war, which are four in number:—(*a*) The armament firms and the Press. (*b*) The thrones. (*c*) The diplomats. (*d*) The national will.

No doubt the armament firms and the Press, this one half venal and half gulled, have been at the root of most modern wars. It is quite natural; a manufacturer of guns is not in business in a spirit of Undershaftian merriment; he is there to earn money, and if I were a maker of guns I would certainly open a special department to bribe and inflame the European Press; bloodshed would be my advertisement. But between the disease and the remedy a chasm lies which cannot, I fear, be bridged by Mr. Wells's otherwise excellent suggestion that weapons should be made solely by the State. There are various reasons, and one of them is that the State is sometimes mean and inefficient. Mr. Wells in this respect endorsed the verdict of Sir George Greenhill as to the superiority of the Berlin Military Technical Academy over Woolwich. I will not, however, labour this point, for the State is not always inefficient; more important is the fact that private armament firms are a reserve force which provides in war the excess over what is wanted in peace; even that reserve may prove inadequate, as is shown by Lord Kitchener's declaration that we cannot produce material fast enough. The State might indeed lay down plant adequate for an emergency, but unless it entered the open market it could not keep that plant employed; more serious still, it could not train enough workmen to use it, and if it did not do those things an emergency would find it helpless. (This is assuming that other wars will come; they will, and not because war has always been, but because the factors which make wars will remain at work.)

We will assume, however, that Governments alone shall

manufacture arms; what guarantee have we that Governments will try to keep down their own industry? The Post Office does not; in 1913–14 it made a profit of £6,193,000; it did not increase wages much, nor lower rates of postage; it appropriated the profit. The German Government, which has borrowed at 3½–4 per cent. to build railways, makes a profit of 5½–6 per cent. It does not use the 2 per cent. to lower rates; it keeps the money. True, even the State is sometimes capable of self-abnegation. Mr. Bark, Minister of Finance, recently informed us that Russia had abandoned an annual vodka and alcohol revenue of £65,000,000, but he has ingenuously confessed that production and, therefore, revenue have improved; briefly, the paternal employer! I suspect that a Government monopoly of armaments, if effective in defence, would have to behave like a private firm. The German yards and the British yards would still have to compete to arm Brazil and Andorra; the Budget would rely on their profits, and the income-tax payer appreciate a penny off, balanced by blood-money. The State might even be tempted to subsidise the scare-foe papers . . . in countries where the State had no armament factories.

With the second cause, the thrones, we reach more obvious ground. For the thrones, too, personally ambitious, make for war by their desire to dominate. The connections between thrones and war are sometimes startling; a little while ago it was rumoured that a marriage between the Royal Families of Serbia and Roumania might procure the entry of Roumania into the war. 700,000 men would make a pretty wedding-present, and though incredible it is true. Likewise, I understand that the entry of Greece into the war has been impeded because that country's King is the Kaiser's brother-in-law, that Bulgaria has been held back owing to similar causes. I do not infer that all monarchs are evil men; and if they were I would not necessarily ask for their removal, as we need not pure, but efficient men. I suspect that the Kaiser has strong, if peculiar moral views, has a clear idea of right and wrong; he is, in other words, a Truly Good Man. This is not confined to monarchs; I believe that President Wilson is also a man with a moral theory. He, too, is a Truly Good Man. Nothing is so dangerous! A Fouché, a Talleyrand

will give way because they do not care; a Truly Good Man will drench the world in blood because he must do his duty. The atmosphere of a monarch is too rarefied, too remote from that of the picture-palace and the 'bus; suppleness and political cynicism grow ill in such an air. Yet, this is not a war against thrones. Far from it! we will maintain thrones, we will make more thrones. If the Hohenzollerns are overthrown, a republic need not arise. And we cannot deprive Germany of her thrones; even if she hated them, just because we wanted to take them away she would fight to the death to retain menaced symbols. Still, let us assume that we break up Germany and Austria-Hungary; then Germany will produce one territory, three republics, and twenty-two thrones. These will breed endless rivalries, and I imagine Britain supporting Wurtemberg against Bavaria, so as to import spats under the most-favoured-nation clause; I conceive a savage attack by the Grand Duchy of Oldenburg on the Republic of Bremen, with the financial connivance of the principality of Schwarzburg Rudolstadt. The old game, but much worse; for the twenty-one chances of war that were in old Europe alone in its twenty-one States we should have forty-five. And if the Hapsburgs were overthrown we should exchange one throne for at least nine. Need one labour that thirty-three more courts, with thirty-three more flags liable to insult, thirty-three more groups of intensely patriotic papers, thirty-three more sets of diplomats anxious to be clever, would double the chances of war?

For the diplomats that fatten on the thrones which they undermine would surely then become to sick humanity what the surgeon is to the sick man, who cannot cure himself. The diplomat has a vested interest in snaky finesse. He has established a corner in secrets. Can you imagine him on peace day abolishing the network of embassies which give him his power? His chief occupation, of late years, has been to prevent Serbia having a port. He will not abandon his trade. And should he abandon his trade, should he indeed, as I think Mr. Wells desires, discuss publicly, then the scare-foe Press will seize upon every word, find an insult in every raised eyebrow. There is no second alternative; it is either secrecy and entanglement, or publicity and anger.

Anger, indeed, is the soul of what is called the national will. To call it a will is perhaps too much; it is an instinct and mainly an instinct to hate. The people do not want to abolish war; they talk of peace and that is lip-service; they like blood as they like murders, boxing, the cinema. Many men know Lister, but many more remember Charles Peace. War is colour and romance. They love it because they like to hate, because hatred is strong; it is easier to shout "Down with the blushing Germans!" than "St. George for England!" (Will anyone who reads those words aloud deny that the cry of hatred is the more invigorating of the two?) The people hate the foreigner unless they despise him; they do not know him, and so cannot tolerate him; not all, but many like war for if they did not they would not enlist uncompelled; the word "empire" and what it implies makes their heart swell; phrases the property of all nations, "the bulldog breed," "*Impossible n'est pas français*," "*Gott mit uns*," are stirring as oriflammes. The impulse of the people is to hate. In a minor way there is hatred between North Country and South, between Welshman and Englishman, Ulsterman and Kerryman, just as there is hatred between "Chatsworth" and "Sandringham" at Tooting Bec. Every day I meet people ready to condone any atrocities that may one day be committed by the Allies in Germany; I meet some who hope by atrocities to "serve the Germans out," who clamour for the ill-treatment of prisoners of war, people whose phrases make a hymn of hate. Love of country is mainly hatred of other countries. There is love, too, splendid, ready for all pains, but it awakes mostly through hatred. A nation will find £1,400,000 a day to kill, but do not ask it for £1,400,000 a year for cancer research, to save. A million men will give three years of their time to slay; but do not ask of them an hour for social service. They want to maintain their nationality because it is a possession; it is something of theirs to defend and it is something of the other man's to take.

Because of this condition of the national "will" there is no backing for such ideas as those which Mr. Wells expresses. The people want to be separate; they want to be let alone until somebody suggests to them that the time has come for them to interfere with another

nation. But it would not matter very much if, indeed, the people were pacific and anxious to let live; they are in the hands of a coalition, thrones, nobles, manufacturers, money-lenders, who have captured the machines of government. They are powerless against their Parliaments (even when it is war they want, assuming the Italian people, for instance, desire it); their Parliaments are powerless against their rulers because the machine is so centralised that if one part is taken out the whole may break up. The fate of the British Parliament in this war is argument enough. It was not consulted until the time came for the voting of supplies. It did not protest; it voted the supplies in forty-five seconds. What else could it do? If it had wanted to protest it could easily have been turned out by a platoon on the plea of national emergency. However anxious the people may be to express a desire, they cannot do so: the Press can be terrorised by the Censor; it can be suspended (as the *Libre Parole* has been), or muzzled like our own; meetings can be dispersed by paid soldiery; they can even be dispersed by conscripts if the Government is wily enough to quarter the men from the North in the South Country, and *vice versâ*. Therefore, these millennial ideas are hardly worth spreading. Before we can organise peace we must do away with the elements that make for war, we must prepare for the political revolution. Only one war is necessary, the war against the nation idea. And let no man find contradiction between my contention that the people have no power to express their "will" and my desire to preach another gospel. The crusade against nationality is not for the people, but for a part of the ruling class. In Great Britain nobleman has faced King and merchant faced nobleman. Those have will and power too. The people will follow if well led.

I believe that this is an evolving world, that the good-will that will not die will in the end make its way through the morasses of error and the thickets of hatred. The time will come when we realise that "war is an indecent word," but not yet. There will be many more wars; it is obvious, I think, that the ambitions of Japan, of Bulgaria, of Russia perhaps, of Italy certainly, will breed wars; and even Germany in time to come may be strong enough to try again. Let it not be forgotten, when we talk of crushing

a large nation, that little Prussia, in 1807, was bound by the Treaty of Tilsit to maintain only 42,000 men, and that in 1813, *only five years later*, she had 150,000. War can be stopped only by removing that difference which we call nationality. An idea which would much more effectively than their patchwork adjustments have occupied the powerful pens of Mr. Wells, of Sir Randall Cremer, of Mr. Carnegie (who, in 1913, congratulated the Kaiser on his peaceful reign) is the destruction of nationality. I will be told: "Be practical; what is the use of preaching Utopia?" The answer is that Utopia was once preached to twelve men and became the greatest reality the world has ever known. The campaign must be against the gospel which bids us shed our humanity and hate the stranger; many ignoble phrases have been pronounced in history, and one of them is Nelson's: "Boys! Love your enemies, but hate a Frenchman like poison!"

Nationality means separation. Separation means ignorance. Ignorance means fear. Fear means hatred and striking lest you should be struck. It is a fiction, a monstrous illusion. Germany believes that she fights a stifling commercial tyrant; Great Britain believes that she fights an oppressive drill-sergeant. Both are wrong: it is a fight between German and British thrones, nobles, banks, shareholders, and merchants. The people who fight harbour the piteous illusion that they fight for an ideal; they fight merely for the nation idea. When the world was the playground of tribes nationality, a curse already, was understandable; Israelite must fight Ammonite to prevent him from looting his flocks. To-day private property is more or less respected,* war a sort of cricket. The protection of property kept the peoples apart, made them different, maintained their race pure. But examine the nations of to-day. Consider the French, whom Anatole France (now in uniform) calls "Gauls, Latins, Danes, Goths, Franks, and Saracens"; France, with her 1,050,000 full-blooded foreigners and her millions of men of foreign descent. Consider Russia, only 80 per cent. of whose population is Aryan, the other 20 per cent. being made up of Jews, Mongols, Caucasians, Chinese, Hyperboreans! And not even the Aryans are pure, for yet a tenth of them is German,

* Looting is accidental and local.

Latin, Armenian. It is this hotch-potch of Slavs, Finns, and Eskimos which feels such a sharp difference between itself and the hotch-potch of Germans, Poles, Frenchmen, Danes, that are subjects of the German Empire! Consider Austria-Hungary, with its two score languages and its two score hatreds; America, that "melting-pot" of the world. Is it for a hotch-potch a man must die? Nationality to-day is not even a true ghost; it is a pumpkin with a candle in it. I shall be told that I do not understand nationality, that it is a holy thing: many gods have been burnt; that it is a natural feeling: civilisation is the foe of nature. I see nationality as merely a bad habit of mind: Japanese fights Russian in 1904, fights by his side in 1914; our Boer "enemy" of 1902 is our "fellow subject" of 1915, subject, I take it, to the same errors and the same woes.

That is why I think so anti-social Mr. Wells's campaign for a Europe divided according to nationality. To begin with, it cannot be exactly realised because there are no true nations in any territory, because there are streets in Hungarian villages where one side is Magyar, the other Slovak. And even if it could be realised it would mean only that men would be more separate, more afraid, more inimical; they would cluster round their little altars, offer up yet more "smoking holocausts of slaughtered babes."

Peoples are much alike. I do not mean the middle classes, the backbone of the nation (so invertebrate sometimes), but the great masses whose business it is to find food, leisure, and little else. And even classes are as much alike from race to race as they are different inside the race; there is more difference between the British employer and his workman than between the British employer and the German employer. Mr. Wells has admirably shown this in the *New Machiavelli*, where he analyses the "intractable ore" of civilisation, a north-country manufacturer, harsh, money-grubbing, sensual, obstinate: "There are hordes of such men as he throughout all the modern industrial world. You will find the same type with the slightest modifications in the Pas de Calais, or Rhenish Prussia, or New Jersey, or North Italy. No doubt you would find it in New Japan."

Nations are artificial groups. They are, every one, the result of the ambition of princes and of the grasp of the money-maker. Even Britain is no nation; it contains at

least four nations which respectively believe each other to be stupid (English), or mean (Scotch), or lying (Welsh), or flighty (Irish). For hundreds of years the four have thought out insults for one another, and are united only when they hate a fifth.

I will be told that we fight for systems; in other words, for national institutions. That is not true. Of late years we have clamoured for the foreigner's institutions. Tariff Reform has been the demand of the Tories—from Germany; the Insurance Act that of the Liberals—from Germany; municipal trading that of the Socialists—from Germany. There are no national institutions; there are only white men's institutions—and Japan has been taking them up. This raises a race problem, but I omit it here, for I do not believe it will endure for ever: Eurasians, negroid Brazilians, wavering Americans will unify the races in a day when nations are forgotten. I have a vision of that day when there will be no white, black, or yellow men, but only men.

Leaving aside, however, the realms of Utopia, where I fly uneasily, for places more proximate, I am convinced that the first step is the suppression of monarchy. This does not involve those who agree in an attack on the British throne; Republican agitation is slow and constitutional and is practised by moderate parties in Italy and Spain; if it succeeds it will be legally and bloodlessly, as in Portugal. Monarchs are not all evil: William of Orange, Napoleon, Lorenzo the Magnificent left great works. But the monarch makes the court and the pomp of country; his person demands a guard, his power an army; his officers and diplomats make for war, and wars for his glory. Royal arms and royal pennants hypnotise the vulgar, develop in them an enthusiasm born of their love of colour, noise, romance; in the East the ruler is the faith, in the West he is above the faith, for he can be seen and therefore believed in. If he has a family quarrel, millions espouse it; an Archduke is murdered, and to hang his murderers is not enough, for his murder is a stain on the "national scutcheon." But the chief danger comes from his attendants, snaky ambassadors, rising generals, fine ladies, and patriotic publicists; they are some of the people whom war rewards.

There are other people whom war rewards, whom we cannot deal with yet, merchants and moneylenders whom it pays to maintain frontiers if they can be given special advantages beyond those frontiers at the expense of foreign merchants and moneylenders. Those people are found in the republics, too, but republics are less bellicose than monarchies. Monarchies fight for defence, interest, and honour; republics fight for defence and interest only, which more than halves the chances of conflict, for war does not pay. No man will argue that republican France and constitutionally monarchic Britain are responsible for this war equally with autocratic Germany, Austria, and Russia. The conclusion is that the activities of the peacemakers should after this war be directed towards the removal of one great war factor, the thrones.

For two States cannot be unified so long as they retain their thrones; no monarch will, save by force, accept an overlord, except where there is such a tradition. (As in Germany.)

But even maleficent capital preys on monarchy rather than on republic. This is because monarchy is expensive. The French President's salary is £48,000, while regal expenditures touch millions. That is only an indication of cost, but in a monarchy democracy is most hampered by the capitalist, who forms a *bloc* with the nobles whom he admires and exploits; profits are larger and their pursuit hotter: no court class will ever understand that "the race of delights is short and pleasures have mutable faces." The capitalist becomes rich enough and powerful enough to run his own Press or to terrorise the "free" Press by reducing advertisements; editor or advertisement manager, who shall rule? In the end the capitalist rules because he demands circulation, which is gained only by accepting the naval maxim that the speed of a fleet is that of its slowest ship, by making the paper most suitable for the crudely moral minds, for the muddled thinkers, for the unstable who are fit only for paragraphs,* especially for the great mass of drab lives who need excitement, *sensation*. What better sensation than war? War is like a cockfight; the nations put their money on their respective cocks. That

* Since the downfall of *The Tribune* the tendency has been to produce papers of lower and lower grade.

I repeat, is the case in republics, too, if less so, and it can be remedied only by an economic revolution; that must be done when thrones have fallen and nations are less separate.

To-day the economic revolution, *i.e.*, Socialism, is proved powerless. The German Socialists voted the war credits; neither they nor their French friends even attempted a general strike; Mr. Hervé, who went to prison for anti-militarist action, joined the troops . . . with Mr. Anatole France; here Mr. Keir Hardie was left to wail in the wilderness while Mr. Henderson sat on the Parliamentary Recruiting Committee, and Mr. Grayson, one-time obstructor of the House of Commons, composed a dithyramb to the scions of the House of Lords. As for the people, they flocked to the recruiting offices and were content to accept higher wages . . . and higher prices. The time for economic action is not yet, for its roots are set in the people, who are without power and without will. It can come only after the political revolution, when the democracy is not smothered, when the masses, deprived of circuses, turn their mind to bread.

When this war is ended the republican movement, father and now successor of Socialism, will be the proper sphere for the activities of Mr. Wells. Why not? He might become a president. It will be said that republicanism is neither a certain nor a swift cure. That is so, but no more is the ambassadorial congress; the congress is an admirable and a practical idea, but it leaves standing the rivalries of monarchs and nobles. It does not protect us against some unborn Kaiser who will think that necessity knows no law. We will approach safety only if, for instance, the Germans are freed from their twenty-two thrones. There will be as much opposition as the most pugnacious pacifist can need; Reichskanzlers, Gentlemen-in-Waiting, Masters of the Horse will be against us, but it is possible to use the people against the powerful and the rich, for the people know how to hate : their remoteness, as that of the foreigners, may yet make the monarchies abhorred.

I imagine, when republics are many and strong, monarchies alive only in barbarous lands, the first steps towards the unification of the world, *until which there can*

be no peace. It will begin modestly by customs unions (such as that of Luxemburg with Germany), by railway agreements (as at Bagdad), by post office conventions (as between Great Britain and the U.S.A.). Interests will knit up; closer financial relations will be found necessary, as they are between Hungary and Austria. This will involve joint commissions and boards, by degrees joint commercial treaties, then joint tariffs. Complexity will compel clarification, joint sittings of Parliaments or delegations, at last joint Parliaments. I suspect that the process must follow the rough national lines that exist; they are fictions, but must serve; in the beginning we must ignore the weight of the elephant. Thus I imagine those closer republican unions consisting in their childhood of Germany, Austria, German Switzerland, or of France, Southern Belgium, Spain, Italy, French Switzerland. Those great groups will close up and make war on each other until they understand their folly and more closely unite. I expect no swift change, no conversions; the hind that would be mated by the lion must die of love, and we do not want the world to die; that the lioness may be mated by the tiger is at first enough. Unification, so far, has proceeded only by force; the history of Britain is that of the conquest of Essex, Wessex, Mercia, Northumbria, York and Lancaster, Wales and Ireland by each other, broken by the happy day when the English throne received a Scotch king; the history of France is the conquest of the barons by the king, the filching of Strasburg, of the bishoprics of the Rhine from which sprang the debatable Alsace-Lorraine. Everywhere it is the same; nations have been made by force, ill made, jerry-built; joined by force the product cannot endure; it must be reborn of mutual acts of grace.

Let no one fear uniformity or clamour for freedoms. Unity does not exclude home rule. Even to-day, in a barbarous Europe, Welsh is taught in British schools; Poles have their Parliament in Austria; French and Flemish are official languages in Belgium, &c. If so much liberty can flourish in the midst of tyranny, how much more shall be given us when hatreds are deprived of their food and the bonfires of peace have been lit with frontier-posts?

Long before the economic revolution begins to move much of this must come about. If it does not, then the

economic revolution will not avail and the workman, in the intervals of wars, must, as Mr. F. E. Smith eloquently said, "dive for crusts in the gutter." Until then we must maintain our armies and navies as a police. We must talk peace, attempt to disarm; but so long as States are not taught that they must fuse because they cannot live in amity, so long will suspicion reign, so long will war endure, so long will war be, when it comes, less a horror than an affair of romance and heroes.

NOTE.—This article is but a part of the case against nationality. A number of facts and theories have been omitted. Broader considerations and practical conclusions of a nature I cannot state here will be published in book form after the war.—W. L. G.

The Clash of Ideals

By Captain. R. F. A.

A LITTLE while ago the British Admiralty officially declared that German officers and men, captured from submarines, who were under suspicion of being concerned in acts of piracy and murder, could not be treated with the same leniency as other prisoners of war. There follows the natural presumption that these men will be brought to trial at some future date.

In a subsequent number of the *Times* there were published two letters protesting against such action of the Admiralty, on the grounds that the men and officers were but obeying the orders of superior officers, and of the German Admiralty. "Let the responsibility rest on the man who orders these things."

As this mental attitude, and all that it connotes, is probably representative of a certain section of the public, it may be worth while to discuss the question. In the first place, knowing our national temperament, it is fairly safe to infer that the stricter measures proposed by the British Government will still fall short of the harsh treatment which is the normal lot of the ordinary British prisoner-of-war at the hands of the German Government. I try to write dispassionately, but I vividly recall the barbaric cruelty inflicted upon some of our own helpless wounded by German soldiers.

Secondly, we may be certain that British Justice will condemn no man without absolute proof of his guilt. In the present case, such proof will probably be most difficult to obtain. Now let us turn to the broader issues.

The German War Policy is, as all the world knows, one of deliberately calculated ruthlessness and cruelty. The doctrine has been officially published under the auspices of the Government. These orders are general, not particular. They depend, for their successful execu-

tion, upon the initiative of individual officers and men. But so potent is the poison, so subtly has it been infused into the veins of the German people, that this initiative is seldom lacking. That is the basis of Prussian Militarism. A single State, or, shall we not say, a few individuals, with the taint of leprosy upon them, have gone about amongst a healthy community and infected men, women, and little children with the hideous disease, until to-day a great nation has become as one vast lepers' settlement, to be shuddered at and avoided by all other healthy peoples.

The voice of the people has indeed become as the voice of a god, a god whom they have come blindly to worship. For them Right and Wrong, as the world outside their settlement recognise the terms, these have no longer any meaning for their atrophied brain. Willingly, eagerly have they exposed their bodies and souls to the infected touch. Now the poison has done its loathsome work, and in the blindness of mesmerism they work the will of their masters, well content to sacrifice individuality and personal liberty upon the altar of their god.

For let there be no misunderstanding. It is the German people with whom the Allies are striving for mastery. It is not the bureaucracy and militarism of Prussia. The German people have accepted, with their eyes open, the curse which has come upon them. They have hugged it to their souls and made it their god.

Prussia has issued its war commands in general terms, well knowing that its officers and men will act individually and collectively in full accord with the hypnotic suggestion of the poison. And the suggestion finds its expression in the enforced march before the German troops of women and old men; in the mutilation and outrage of young girls; in the hurling into a fire of an infant before its mother's eyes; in the bestial excesses perpetrated in French châteaux; in the nailing of women to door-posts with bayonets; in the never-ending catalogue of hideous and revolting crimes against God and man.

It finds its expression in the calculated ferocity and grinding insults heaped upon British officers and men lying helpless, maimed and wounded in filthy cattle-trucks at the mercy of their captors. Did the Prussian Government

command these things? Their slaves are mere automata to obey blindly.

You in England have experienced a little of German ruthlessness in the deliberate murder of some three or four score civilians on the East Coast. I have heard that certain Prussian naval officers protested when given their orders to embark upon such an expedition. Their protests being over-ruled they obeyed orders. I have yet to learn that those officers, having done their duty to their country, expiated their crime against humanity in the only way open to them.

The commander of a German submarine engaged in the present piratical exploits of ship-scuttling and murder upon the high seas is not obeying definite orders. He is ordered, save in exceptional cases, to cruise about within a certain area, and there act up to the best, or worst, within him. Each separate attack is deliberate, and carried out upon personal initiative.

The attack upon the British hospital ship was deliberate attempted murder, despite the miserable and trashy excuses which the German Government have lately put forward in attempted repudiation. So also was the attack upon the French refugee ship. That murder has actually been done recently on certain of our merchant ships by German submarine officers, no one can doubt. But proof is difficult.

Are these German officers men of flesh and blood as we are, or are they but inanimate instruments in the hands of others, the real criminals? Our two correspondents in the *Times* assert that they are the latter. In other words, we should hang the murderer and not the murderer's knife.

Obedience to orders and strict discipline in small things as in great are the primary essentials in a soldier's training. In that sense, German officers and soldiers have set an example to the world. But a German officer, whether commanding a company or a submarine, is not an inanimate, inarticulate weapon; save in so far as he is impelled by the hypnotic poison of Militarism. The question with which the British Government is mainly concerned is not the scuttling of merchant ships, but the loss of their crews. The Prussian Government is certainly the instigator of the act; but its officers, though acting as

soldiers should, in unswerving obedience to command, are still human beings. In their innermost consciousness, dulled though it be, they are dimly aware of the crime they purpose. On one occasion, at least, they have made a protest. On other occasions they have hesitated to carry out the act to its ruthless end, and have given ships' crews ten minutes' grace in which to save their lives.

It is, however, worthy of note that in such cases as these the officers have found it necessary to attempt some excuse in reporting to the German Admiralty. "We are afraid," they remark, "that the German people will view with disfavour such acts of clemency."

An officer who is driven to commit murder in obedience to superior authority has still a course open to him, a path which he may tread with honour. He will execute his orders to the letter, and he will then return to his superior officer.

"I have carried out your orders, sir, and I have the honour to request that you will forward my protest to the proper authority."

And with his revolver against his temple that officer will blow out his brains.

A German officer is a brave man, he fears death as little as does one of our own gallant gentlemen. He is ever ready to sacrifice his life for the sake of his Ideal, his Fatherland and all that it means to him, just as an Englishman is, a Belgian, or a Russian.

But there is this difference. The ideal of a German is a narrow one. It is bounded by the confines of his own land. It means to him just as much as his country means to him. With judgment warped and sight distorted by the poison of Militarism he can only visualise a world crushed beneath the weight of Prussian autocracy.

He may honestly believe that it is for the ultimate good of the nations that such domination should be imposed. He may be perfectly sincere in his conviction that everyone who refuses to be converted and bow the knee to the god of his idolatry is incontinently doomed in this life and the Hereafter.

The German ideal is a narrow one because it is one of Domination and Terrorism, and because its boundaries are certain and finite.

The ideal for which Englishmen have ever fought and died is as infinite as the sea. It is none the less an ideal because an Englishman seldom, if ever, thinks of it as such.

Like a German he is ever ready to die for his country. But, unlike the German, he is unable fully to express in speech, unable, even, adequately to feel what that ideal implies. Were he able to do so his ideal would become as narrow as that of Germany's, and we should call him a prig, just as we now call Germans priggish.

And the ideal of England is Humanity, which is infinite in its compassionate freedom. It is this proud ideal of our race which flows unconsciously in the veins of English men and women; which sends English men to their death with a jest upon their lips instead of the shout of "England over all."

For in that phrase of "Deutschland über Alles" is summed up the whole creed of the German ideal. The ideal ends with the domination of Germany, and the imposition upon the world of German Kultur.

In this world war we have come to see clearly, as never before, that the English ideal of Humanity does, indeed, stretch far beyond the confines of a single country; that it is, indeed, infinite. For it is also the ideal of each one of our Allies to set free the world; to liberate for ever the weaker peoples from the menace which has for so long threatened them.

And the hardest task will be in the enfranchisement of the German people themselves. Until that is accomplished the war of liberation will have been fought in vain. Until "the people that walked in darkness have seen a great light" there can be no abiding peace. The sword of humanity and freedom must first stab through to the heart of them and cleanse away, as a surgeon's knife, the poisonous, leprous flesh.

It is the German nation, a great, united people, and not a ruling caste of bureaucrats whom we are fighting. The primary responsibility for the hideous acts of murder, rape, and arson may indeed lie with the ruling caste. But their commission is supported and encouraged by the German people.

The officers of their army and navy perpetrate the

deeds, not as blind instruments of a stronger will, but as thinking men fully conscious of their acts. They have deliberately embraced the creed which has been given to them; they have gladly drawn the poison into their veins; shall they not stand at the bar of judgment and make answer?

No; our people, while setting before themselves the ideal of Humanity, must yet steel their hearts, or this war will end, not in liberation, but in some patched-up truce, leaving the whole ghastly business to begin all over again.

Letters such as I have quoted have been aptly characterised by Sir Edward Russell as "mealy-mouthed." They are the products of that class which, to save further bloodshed and suffering, would conclude a peace now out-of-hand. They are as incapable of realising what this war means as any South Sea islander. They have not begun to appreciate the temper of the German people nor to what lengths that temper drives. The cataclysm which has engulfed Belgium and Northern France leaves them as unmoved as does an earthquake in Japan. Even the attack upon the East Coast towns has apparently failed to stir them.

To those of us, and there are still some left, who have seen this business through from the start, this state of mind is incomprehensible. Recalling the astonishing organisation which preceded and attended the dispatch of the Expeditionary Force, and which placed the Navy in its proper strategical position at the right moment, it seems curious that reasonable measures have not been taken during all these months to bring home to the "man in the street" the essential facts, causes, and methods of the war.

Instead, we are faced with *appeals* to workmen not to cut off our ammunition supply; with a long series of undignified recruiting posters; with the re-engagement of enemy waiters and others; with discussions about race-meetings; with pictures and lengthy articles on the change in women's dress fashions; with incoherent vapourings upon the alleged inaction of the Navy.

Then there is the nauseating hero-worship of certain men who have been lucky enough to win the Victoria Cross. Of course they have earned the distinction, but so have

a hundred others whose names will never be brought forward. There is the incident, trifling in itself, perhaps, of four English women marrying German prisoners-of-war. There may possibly have been certain special reasons, but on the face of it, such an action by our country-women at a time like this is incredible.

Out in France we have come to see all these things through the eyes of our French friends, and although we know the nature and characteristics of our own people, we are unable to explain and defend.

Against an enemy like Germany has proved herself to be, organised and equipped in essentials which were beyond our wildest imaginings, the only policy to adopt is that of Lord Fisher. His motto should be emblazoned over every hearth in our land, stamped in letters of fire upon the brain of every man and woman in the empire. Thus only shall we win through and achieve a lasting peace with honour to our country and our individual conscience.

There are regiments of ours out in France who have seen their comrades treacherously struck down by weapons concealed under the white flag. These regiments do not forget. They have sworn a solemn oath to take no more prisoners. Neither France nor Belgium will forget when the day of the Great Advance arrives.

"Britain will win," said a well-known American early in the war, "but she does not deserve to."

We do not yet deserve to win, though thousands of our dead lie upon the blood-soaked fields of France, though thousands more of our lads must yet pay the price. Not until our land shall have passed through the hell of suffering; or if that, by God's gracious mercy, is withheld, not until our people, every man and woman of us, realise to their inmost being what this ideal of Germany's means, and steel their hearts to meet it, then only will Britain have won the right to share fully in the dictation of the terms of peace, and in the achievement of her own Ideal.

Cromwellism without a Cromwell

By H. M. Hyndman

A CLEVER lady whom I knew well in Melbourne some five and forty years ago once wrote me a charming letter, here at home, the closing words of which were: "And pray, my dear Mr. Hyndman, do not be so dreadfully Republican. If one King is so bad, what must a Committee of them be?"

The idea of a Committee of Kings struck me at the time as grotesque, not to say humorous. Little, however, did I imagine that I should live to see my friend's conception realised in this island. Nevertheless, it is. The Monarchy here is virtually in Commission, the House of Commons is reduced to the level of a "Bed of Justice," kept up to register Cabinet decrees, and the people are deprived of all control over their own affairs. Thus, the United Kingdom, with India and the Crown Colonies, is at the mercy of a self-chosen Board of Autocrats, no two of whom are in full agreement on any subject. Our subservience to the Trade Union of Lawyers is becoming so complete that we scarce have pluck enough left to chalk up on the walls, after the manner of the French, "A bas les avocats!" and then run away. In the course of a few months we have surrendered, with a light heart, the democratic work of seven centuries to a group of politicians who in July last had certainly lost the confidence of the nation —politicians who landed us in this terrific war (which they now admit they knew to be coming) without anything like adequate preparation. A Committee of Kings, indeed!

The situation would be ludicrous if it were not so dangerous. Yet at present nobody cares. Public interest is so concentrated on the events of the war that proceedings which, at any other time, would arouse a fury of popular indignation, are almost disregarded. We grumble a little at this or that high-handed action, tampering with our hard-won freedoms; but the country as a whole is so

apathetic, and has become so careless in matters of crucial import, that we are drifting into irresponsible tyranny at home, as we drifted into the greatest war of all time abroad, without any security either for upholding democracy, or for obtaining efficiency. Nothing quite like it has been seen in our history. Even the Lord Protector himself could not reduce the House of Commons, so long as it remained in being, to the depth of servility to which it has descended at the beginning of the twentieth century. When, in spite of his threats, that ancient Assembly persisted in claiming the right of criticism, and the privilege of interference, he at least had the decency to avoid, for once, even the appearance of hypocrisy; he turned the whole of its members out by force of arms and locked up their own House against them. If Mr. Asquith would imitate old Oliver, and openly, instead of secretly, appoint a group of Major-Generals to run his lawyer-made rule, we should at least know where we really are.

People at large have no idea how far we are going, or are being driven, since public discussion in Parliament has been in abeyance and both the capitalist factions are at one. Nobody can tell us precisely what the law is, at the present time, in regard to personal and private liberties, which we have all of us believed from our childhood to be absolutely indefeasible. The Defence of the Realm Act, the Amendment to the Defence of the Realm Act, Orders in Council, Local Orders by military authorities, suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, interference with trial by jury, and so on, make such chaos of the Statute Book that even capable lawyers are at a loss to know where we stand.

One of the most important measures of those submitted to the House of Commons for approval was not even distributed to members, and narrowly escaped being carried on the strength of what was contained in a single uncertified copy in manuscript. This recalls Lord Randolph Churchill's remark, when a similar trick was tried many years ago. In that instance, an amendment was copied in pencil on a sheet of paper by one of the leaders on his own side, and handed down to him, as valuable information, while he was speaking. Lord Randolph continued his speech and, glancing at the communication, said: "Things have come to a pretty pass in this House, when

important amendments have to be discussed on dirty little bits of paper." Then, screwing up the note into a ball, he flipped it at the mover, and so disposed of the matter. Official personages have been pretty much the same in all periods; but nowadays they make the war an excuse for bureaucratic domination on a scale which is not even justified by a "dirty little bit of paper."

Since England entered upon war without due preparation, our rulers were bound to take some exceptional action if the nation was to defend itself adequately against an unscrupulous and treacherous attack, and to bear its share in the common policy forced upon the Allied Powers. Great Britain was of one mind on this point. No one complained when the Government, acting, as it averred, in the national interest, took control of the whole of our railway system. On the contrary, people felt that this extension of official authority was unavoidable, when troops and supplies and munitions had to be rapidly rushed to the Front. All criticism was suspended and the Government had a free hand. Its arrangement to protect the interests of the shareholders by guaranteeing them their dividends passed quite unchallenged, even by the workers on the railways, who themselves had no such assurance of good treatment.

Unfortunately, this assumption of the national administration of railways was not accompanied by a wide conception of the real problems of land transport. The Government itself being unable to survey the whole field of action, the old chaotic system of freight haulage by the separate companies and the trucks of private firms was continued; with the result that the railways were soon blocked. This caused a wholly unnecessary shortage of coal in the great cities, which played right into the hands of the coal merchants and distributors. Hence great hardship, not only to the poor in their homes, but to the children in the schools, whose buildings could not be properly warmed. Even such a commonplace reform as what has been called "pooling the waggons," namely, treating all trucks for freight haulage, those belonging to the companies and to private persons alike, as belonging to the whole railway combination, in the joint interest of the entire community, was not even considered, until the National Workers' Committee pressed it upon the Government. Hence, for months on

end, empty waggons, many of them of very heavy tare, which might have been conveying necessary and remunerative freight, were being hauled hither and thither quite empty. This waste and obstruction went on, I say, for many months, and only quite recently a Commission was appointed to co-ordinate and simplify management, which admitted that the silliest mistakes had been made. The railways, in short, are now nationalised, or rather bureaucratised, under most expensive and antiquated methods; and when the war ends all this will be used as an argument against the useful and beneficial reorganisation of the entire system of national transport.

Our already vast irresponsible bureaucracy was, in fact, still further extended, without any possibility of instituting adequate public control, or of introducing really modern plans of conveyance. Unless great care is taken, so soon as the war is over, we shall again have all the drawbacks of monopoly wedded to all the disadvantages of competition in our national transport, and this at a moment when the pressure of German goods upon our own and the world market will call for the complete transformation of our industrial and distributive methods to meet it effectively. We are, as usual, attempting to muddle through with a haphazard Committee of Kings in regard to one of the most important portions of our national economy.

It is much the same with shipping. Obviously, the nation required that a large number of vessels should be at its disposal to convey troops to the Continent, to bring them from our Colonies and from India to the seat of war and Egypt, to keep up a constant stream of supplies for the Army, and so on. Equally clear was it that the Government could only obtain these ships by commandeering as many as were needed. We start with the nationalisation of railways, we proceed to the nationalisation of shipping. No fewer than 1,500 steamers were thus commandeered. Excellent. Nobody again raised a word of objection. We all assumed that when exercising its authority the Government would take steps to avoid any abnormal rise of seaborne freights against the nation, by national action on behalf of the people. Not a bit of it. What was the result? We were elated, and justly elated, at the complete success of our Navy (which, by the way, the

Independent Labour Party, many Radicals, and even the Labour Party did their best to reduce to danger-point before the war) in bottling up the German North Sea Fleet, in destroying German commerce destroyers, and in securing for ourselves and our Allies the entire command of the sea. But, the more successful we were in sweeping enemy vessels from the ocean, the more successful were we also in sweeping food out of the stomachs of the British poor. The irony of unconscious ineptitude was never, surely, better displayed.

Freights mounted up by leaps and bounds. Coal which had been carried from Newcastle to London by sea for 2*s.* 6*d.* to 3*s.* 6*d.* a ton before the war, now cost, for similar service, from 10*s.* 6*d.* to 13*s.* 6*d.* a ton. From Argentina, similarly, rates of freight for wheat ran up from 12*s.* 6*d.* to 60*s.* or more a ton. Yet, when the Premier and other members of the Committee of Kings were challenged on this matter, and were requested to use their autocratic power to reduce the stupendous profits of the shipowners, by further national action on behalf of the people at large, the old doctrine of "supply and demand," which had been thrown overboard with glee by the Government in the matters of sugar, of indigo, of wheat (in India), etc., was quoted against us with chop-licking relish. What is more, so powerful is the Shipping Ring, and so skilfully are its funds applied in subscribing to the needs of both the great political factions, that there is very little chance of any attempt being made to deal adequately with this vast Trust, organised as it is against the interest of the entire community. The people may work hard and fight hard and the poor may starve hard, but our Government giveth to its chosen shipowners the increase. Nay, the national credit is used to lessen the amount paid for insurance, in order that this increase may be the better insured!

The control of railways and the commandeering of shipping were long steps to take towards the constitution of a supreme bureaucracy of Class-State-Socialism, dominated by a Government which assuredly had no popular mandate for any such action. But the next move was in the direction of a complete abandonment of that very same private enterprise, and supply-and-demand principle of economics, which the Prime Minister and his

colleagues still, nominally, adhere to. In this instance, Parliament has authorised the Government to take in hand, administer and organise all the factories and workshops which may be considered necessary, with the object of hastening the manufacture and supply of essential equipment and munitions for the troops. This, to use vulgar language, is a "very large order." So large that the Government itself had not even in mind the man who should be selected, as a sort of sub-dictator-in-chief, to carry out this unprecedented undertaking. Advertisement was suggested as the best means of obtaining a competent autocrat of industry. Something in this style, I suppose :—

"George V. R. et I. Wanted a sober and sagacious man of wide business experience and great powers of organisation to manage the industries (or such part of them as may be necessary) of the United Kingdom. Apply in writing, with copies of references and personal character from last place, to the Right Honourable David Lloyd George, M.P., Chancellor of the Exchequer, Marconi Buildings, 11 Downing Street, Whitehall, S.W. N.B.—Some knowledge of military methods advisable."

Since this notification was unissued, it appears that a thoroughly able manager has been duly appointed. He may be a very Carnot of organising faculty, a Kitchener for push, but it is quite certain he has never in his life had any direct experience of the management of factories. His administration has not been rendered more efficient by the further nomination of an Advisory Committee, and the surrender by the Trade Union leaders of much of what they have gained for the workers in the last seventy years.

Now, I believe the people of this country are absolutely determined to fight this war to a finish. But it is just those of us who believe that the Government has leaned too much to Haldane's Germanophilism, on land and on sea, who most strongly object to the measures now being taken to ensure efficiency and victory. Yet no body of people in any class have tried to hamper our rulers in regard to any of the industrial changes which have seemed necessary. For my part, as a Social-Democrat, I am confident that National Collectivism and National Bureaucratic Administration during the war will, sooner or later, help on the development of Co-operative Democratic Socialism when we return to peace. Meanwhile, the establishment of some sort of order, even under the management of the Class-State, is better than the perpetuation of competi-

tive anarchy controlled by capitalism and companies. But, at the same time, we must keep a tight hold upon those democratic principles, which, however seriously they may be misapplied or checked in action under our present queer, out-of-date constitution, unquestionably underlie our whole political system. The people as a whole, I repeat, do not yet understand what a complete revolution has been made in their political and social affairs within the past few months. It would be well that they should begin to take account of this very important transformation. We are fighting side by side with the French, at any rate, in order to uphold the rights of democracies against the last military caste left on the planet, and to secure the independence of small nationalities. If we imperil our own freedoms while fighting for the liberties of others, the disillusion and the danger will be great indeed.

Far be it from a Social-Democrat, of necessity a philosopher, a collectivist, and a man of peace even at the price of war, to cavil at the use of the nation's resources under national management for the protection of the realm. But why should nearly all the burdens of this new bureaucracy fall on the producers, from the Dan of the Insurance Act even unto the Beersheba of compulsory abstinence? For this is only the beginning of the business, even if, for the sake of the suggestions of the name just used, I touch first upon the most recent phase of Cromwellian compulsion. Ours is a Teetotal Administration. "So they say!"—as the Mohammedan Guard at the Palace replied to the old Czar Nicholas I. when, on Easter Day, the Emperor addressed his Moslem subject with the time-worn greeting "He is Risen." However that may be, it is clear that, following hard upon the example of notoriously temperate Russia, our rulers are all eager to close the poor man's public-houses by force of Parliamentary enactment, or Order in Council. The Chancellor of the Exchequer is strenuously engaged in sawing off the branch on which the balance of his Budget depends, in order to convince us of his earnestness in this matter. Nay, more, he avers, with all the solemnity of the Nonconformist conscience in high office, that the delay in the supply of the munitions of war, for which his colleague and fellow-abstainer, Lord Kitchener, so well and truly yearns, is due to the drunken-

ness of the munition-makers. Further, he gives the impression in his talk with the Shipbuilders' Federation that alcoholism—always among the workers, of course—is seriously on the increase.

Thereupon a sudden thought—advertised beforehand by the United Kingdom Alliance—strikes him. Let the decree go forth from the Lawyer-Kings in Council, with their hereditary Monarch in the ante-chamber, that all Britain shall be sober whether Britain likes it or not. And the House of Commons with one accord shall say "Amen." But the common folk declare that this charge of universal sottishness brought against the people is the most outrageously false imputation ever made upon the workingmen of this country; that no German at home, or pro-German in England, had ever so traduced and insulted the mass of Englishmen, Scotchmen, and Welshmen who make the wealth of our nation. As they farther tell us, so much overtime is being worked in the factories, in the effort to comply with the demands of the War Office, that, unless the managers take the same sort of care of the men as the Krupp directors under official supervision do, nervous breakdown will be quite common; and, so far from drunkenness being the general cause of inefficiency, only a small minority of wage-earners now suffer from this vice, in itself chiefly the outcome of poverty and excessive strain. All which is indisputable and capable of proof. So, then, we have citations from Mr. George's speeches to show that he never meant what he was generally taken to mean, and that in reality he only says quite a few of the workers are given to drink. But is the whole country, then, to be knocked off alcoholic liquors because a minority of men and women are apt to take more than is good for them? Hard cases make bad law. To subject the vast majority to despotic regimentation, by reason of the shortcomings of the few, is foolish tyranny. Why, instead of attempting the impossible, at the dictation of a set of well-to-do fanatics, who never knew what starvation or physical overwork is, does not the Government see to it that good sound beer and other drinks are supplied, that public-houses become hostelries for the public instead of mere bars for the supply of alcohol, and that adulteration should be punished as a crime? That is one of those mysteries which cannot be explained.

This attempt upon the workers' liberties—upon the freedom of the class that is doing most of the fighting and all the production—though it has roused more feeling than all the rest put together, is but the most recent of a whole series of tyrannical enactments. Who would have believed a few years ago, for example, that any English Government would dare, without authority from Parliament, or any notification as to what was being done, to suspend the Habeas Corpus Act? and that, this having been decided upon, the Judges should be instructed not even "to state a case," in order that the matter might be argued publicly in Court? Yet that is precisely what occurred in the case of the unfortunate man Dove, master of a steam-trawler on the south-east coast. On returning to port he accidentally ran down one of our submarines. There was not a tittle of evidence from the first to show that this was anything but a pure accident, or that Mr. Dove was in any way to blame, even for carelessness. Yet "the authorities" took for granted that the collision was brought about on purpose, that Dove was acting in the interest of the King's enemies, and that he had no defence of any kind. He was therefore haled into custody, bail was refused, he could get no satisfaction under writ of Habeas Corpus through his counsel, and the poor fellow might be in gaol to this hour but for the intervention of Lord Parmoor and the House of Lords. This confession is not a little humiliating to a democrat and a Socialist who has always been opposed to any non-elected Assembly. But so it is.

To that reactionary House, also, is due the revival of trial by jury, which had been suppressed for certain cases under the original Defence of the Realm Act. As showing, likewise, what monstrous injustice might be perpetrated if Habeas Corpus and Trial by Jury were both removed from the list of our legal protections against arbitrary rule, it turned out in the end that the Government had no case at all against the man Dove. Not a single charge was formulated against him when he was brought from gaol into Court, and he was, of course, discharged without, so far as is known, any compensation whatever being paid him for his illegal and wholly unjustifiable incarceration. We may all find ourselves in his case if vigilance is relaxed; for class legislation was never so pronounced as now; and

never, for good reasons as well as bad, was the public more apathetic about its own rights. Attacks on individual freedom, which cannot be beneficial either to the individuals or to the community, are now, indeed, quite common; but few of these are dealt with as they ought to be. Much, too, is being done and more attempted, under direct military law, of which the public hears nothing; and it is impossible to obtain the local enactments by which such petty tyranny is fostered. When, some time before the war, Mr. Winston Churchill suggested the organisation of military districts under military men of high rank, in imitation of Cromwell's instalment of Major-Generals, as the supreme authorities throughout England, people laughed. But that is the *régime* under which we are, to a large extent, actually living to-day. The military order for the regulation of women of loose life at Cardiff is only one out of many instances of high-handed action to justify which no law, nor even any Order in Council, can be cited.

Quite recently, large schools have been commandeered throughout the country for hospitals by the War Office, though there are plenty of empty private houses much better suited for the purpose which could be adapted at a fraction of the expenditure considered necessary for the luxury of German officers at Donington Hall. So it goes.

Where military men cannot very well act, the police are called in. Thus Jim Larkin's brother gets a month's imprisonment because, being boycotted by employers, he goes to his work under another name. I have no sympathy with Larkin's anarchistic opinions, but an Act of Parliament or an Order in Council which supports this sort of injustice towards a man who is unpopular with the capitalists is tyranny. Then it is assumed that a proportion of the wives of soldiers will use their payments and allowances for strong drink. All soldiers' wives are, therefore, placed by order under police superintendence—the very worst sort of supervision for soldiers' wives possible, no matter how capable the constables may be in the performance of their ordinary duties. This rouses serious opposition. The order is, in consequence, allowed, so it is said, to lapse. But, as a matter of fact, such inquisitorial and objectionable interferences may be revived

anywhere at any moment, and in some places they are still going on.

Again, if there is one point on which public opinion has advanced more than another during the past thirty years, it is upon the employment of children in industry. Even in Lancashire, a genuinely strong democratic Government would be quite safe in putting an end to the half-time system; though, to their shame be it said, most of the fathers and mothers in that county support this sweating of their offspring, because it brings them in more money, and they themselves underwent similar treatment. But now the local educational authorities in the agricultural districts are being permitted to set back the clock in this matter by allowing young children to work in the fields in place of adults at ridiculous rates of wages. So far, no adequate opposition has checked this deadly attack upon the vigour of the next generation.

It would be easy to multiply instances of the way in which our liberties are being unnecessarily infringed, not for the public benefit or to ensure public safety, or even to increase our effectiveness as a nation in the tremendous war we are waging. From the incompetent and foolish meddling of the Press Bureau to the wholesale opening and, in some cases, the using and publishing of private letters in the *cabinet noir* of the Post Office, we are at the mercy, not of one powerful and capable if obnoxious dictator, but of a series of petty despots and jacks-in-office, who take advantage of the truce in party politics, and the general desire not to embarrass the Government to imperil and attack our ancestral liberties in every direction. We might all be ready to put up with a Cromwell for a time, if only we could make sure that he could be quietly removed when he had done his work. But to acquiesce in the present rule of a set of nominated Committees, with all sorts of unrestricted powers under the supreme Committee of a Cabinet, which was not elected for the wholly unforeseen and enormous work that it has in hand, is simply to create an inefficient and dangerous Cromwellism, minus the Cromwell, from which we shall find it no easy matter to free ourselves when the German military combination is crushed and peace is proclaimed.

Relief in Belgium: A Report

By F. Tennyson Jesse

[*Since this article was written the National Committee for Relief in Belgium has been formed to secure donations throughout the British Empire for the relief of the destitute in Belgium.*]

It is a common but a very natural error to look upon neutrality as essentially negative—something that is not anything, rather than anything that is something. Whereas, being neutral is very much like being good—there are two ways of being it, the active and the passive. You can be good by the simple expedient of never doing anything bad—that is negative goodness—and you can attain the state by performing deeds that are actually meritorious—that is the positive form. In the same way, it is possible to be a passive neutral, to stand aside not merely from participation in breaking a portion of humanity to bits, but even from helping to clear the bits up. On the other hand, it is equally open to neutrality to take the leading part in what may be called the peaceful side of war.

In such a case the neutral has a simplicity of view approximating to the divine; a view denied to a combatant nation. To the neutral, wounded men are wounded, starving people are starving, unclad people are cold—they are not French or German or English. At present, it is the Belgian nation which is hungry and destitute and cannot help itself, therefore it is possible for neutral nations, without any violation of their neutrality, to help it.

For there is a law which human nature has to obey—that if a man is in danger of death he has to be saved, even at risk to the rescuer, and quite irrespective of whose life happens to be of most value to the community. It is equally beside the point whether the man in danger is any

relation to the rescuer and has what is called a "claim" on him or not. *It is the need which makes the claim.*

This is the law which, if a man be lost on a dangerous mountain-side, sends out a party in search of him; it is the same law which, on the occasion of a great disaster like that at Messina, draws vast sums of money from the various nations; and it is this same law which confronts neutrals when the civil population of a country is in dire danger from starvation. It is not a law that is legally binding—far more powerful than that, it works through one of the most deep-seated of the instincts. That the country which is starving has no "claim" on the country best able to feed it, is of no more importance than whether a man who falls in front of a railway train is, or is not, uncle to the passer-by who can drag him to safety. For it is always the need which is the claim. . . .

Nevertheless, it is open to a country, as to a passer-by, to ignore the need, and whether it does so or not makes the difference in the quality of its neutrality. In the present war the neutral nations have not passed by: Belgium the desolate has fallen among thieves, but at least she has found good Samaritans.

But it is only neutrals who can help effectually, simply because, though any nation can contribute money, only a neutral can get into Belgium to administer it. Therefore, though England is doing a certain amount, yet if it were left to England alone, millions of Belgians still in their own country would starve. For in German-ruled Belgium at the moment of writing, there are over a million people totally destitute, and nearly six million able to pay a little for food—but the only food obtainable is that sent by the Commission for Relief. Hence, there are in Belgium as many people who would starve if this food ceased as there are citizens in London, and rather more than in the cities of New York and Philadelphia put together.

These people have a claim on the charity of the world—not because Belgium has won immortal glory, not because she is affiliated in any way with any nation free to help, not even because she was most unfairly attacked—but simply because of their need. It is true that Belgium has performed the most astonishing feat of devotion at the dictates of honour, and it is also true that glory, though

not a tangible thing, is yet a very real and precious one—but glory, though it stimulates the mind, does not fill an empty stomach; it warms the soul, but sets no thickness between an unclad back and the wind. All the glory of the world will not stop the mouth of one crying child.

The need, then, is plain; also the truth that the need constitutes a claim on that portion of humanity free to help. The next step is to consider who is thus free. The name of the most important of the outside Powers leaps to the mind at once—that of the United States of America. That she should still be an outside Power has been the cause of some heart-burnings to those already involved. The efforts of Germany to win over America have been strenuous if somewhat undignified. In England one meets here and there with the idea that the cousins over the water are "keeping out of it" so as to make as much as possible from the world's distress. No one could think so who has had the opportunity of seeing the colossal work America is doing for Belgium, though in proportion to her size, it is probably Holland who has done more than any other nation for the refugees, although in times of peace there was never much love lost either way across the border. But when that tragic stampede began, then the Dutch forgot everything but their common humanity. By individual sacrifice, by official action, and by co-operation with, and concessions to, the Americans, the Dutch have certainly done more than the English to help the fugitives. In England, at one time, it was the smart thing to have a pet Belgian or so, but the reaction has set in. Yet the Belgians continue to get hungry with the regularity of clockwork. . . .

The cold facts are that at the present moment in Holland there are two hundred thousand refugees being housed and fed by the Dutch and clothed by the Commission for Relief; while in Belgium itself, seven million are being fed daily and supplied with clothing by the Commission. In other words, America and Holland are doing far more good by remaining neutral than they could, at present, by becoming combatants. . . .

Recognised by every nation, risking the mined waters, saluted by every flag and heart, the ships of the Commission's fleet come in many times a week with their cargoes of mercy; and every day the neutral-marked trains

and barges set out for Belgium. There need be no fear that the food goes into the wrong mouths and nourishes the sinews of war—the whole big, complex organisation is handled as a business proposition and runs on wheels. If the work is not supported those seven million lives dependent on it will lie heavy on the conscience of the world.

. . . . . .

After recognition of the need and the fact that it is being met, comes consideration of how this is being done, which brings us to the question: What exactly is the Commission for Relief in Belgium?

The answer is not one that can be given all in a breath. For one thing, like the immortal Topsy, the Commission growed. It was not until, as its guest, I had been a couple of days in Rotterdam, that I began to get the various articulations clearly defined—exactly where the Commission operates, and where Holland is the chief factor. The atmosphere built itself up bit by bit out of the enveloping greyness.

There is one thing that the Commission is not—it is not amateurish. All the Dutch relief work is being done under Government and not by society ladies falling over each other in their efforts; while the Commission is run like a business proposition on Wall Street, by business men who are giving all their time to it.

As to the actual organisation, that, to the outsider, first begins to make itself felt as a bewildering web of articulations. Broadly speaking, three factors are involved—the Commission for Relief in Belgium, which started as the American Commission, but soon became too cosmopolitan for that title, the various Dutch bodies—the Government and the National Committees, and the Belgian Provincial and Communal Committees. When one realises that all these bodies are independent of each other in most respects, but all are controlled by the Commission and depend on each other for certain things, and that each works into and through each like some interlocking machinery, an idea of the intricacies involved is apparent. And yet the whole great machine runs smoothly—as far as I could see there was no heart-burning, no competition, no jealousy, everyone is too genuinely bent on the work in hand, and no one is trying to make a reputation out of it; names are things

only mentioned for business purposes—as one said, "No man who has seen a bread line in Belgium ever tried to get notoriety out of it."

Of the great cargoes for the Relief Commission which come in sometimes three or four or even five times a week, many are gift-cargoes, like that of the *Treneglas*, bringing a mixed cargo of goods all donated by the people of Canada, and like the hundreds of crates of second-hand clothing which fill the sorting-houses in Rotterdam. Others are cargoes, mostly wheat, peas, beans, salt, sugar, etc., bought by the Commission from gift-money. England has given £186,000; Australia and New Zealand £100,000; the estimated value of Canada's food-stuffs up to date is £157,024; Belgium herself has contributed £151,000 in money and the value of £46,000 in food-stuffs. Spain and Italy stand for some £8,000 more, while the United States have sent cash for £39,000 and food to the value of £1,276,386. And with all this it still only suffices to supply each soul of the seven million in Belgium with about one quarter of a soldier's ration per day. . . .

Holland's share in this burden-bearing of the nations is to house and feed the 200,000 men, women, and children within her borders, and here the Commission for Relief helps with providing as many of the second-hand clothes as are needed. The schools started for the Belgian children all over Holland are supported entirely by Denmark and Sweden. And so on, and so on, but the outstanding thing is that the work is being done as expeditiously as possible, and that the deficit on this Commission's work is at present something like a million . . . but that the work must be carried on no one can deny. And of the burden-bearers, though all have done so well, it seems to me that for her size Holland has done best. It is not only that she has taken in these 200,000 refugees, that she is spending vast sums on them and facing difficulties herself for their sakes, but she has also forgone any benefit that might have accrued to her. The Dutch Government have conceded to the Commission for Relief free use of the telegraph wires, free passes for the lightermen, free import of automobiles, free use of local railways, and, while the waterways are not frozen, free use of a train for 500 tons daily to the Belgian frontier, and about seven trains daily should

the canals be frozen over. A great list this for a little country, or for a big one either.

The sewing classes now started all over Holland will produce new clothing for the refugees there; meanwhile, second-hand goods, most of them in excellent condition, continue to arrive by the Commission's boats for the benefit of the destitute still in Belgium. These clothes are gifts, and come from many parts of the world. I went to one of the big warehouses where the garments are unpacked, sorted, and re-packed, article by article, so that a crate of shoes, coats, or whatever is needed, can be supplied at a moment's notice. Belgians are employed for this work, as, indeed, they are wherever it is possible without upsetting Dutch susceptibilities, but the balance of the labour market is a delicate thing.

In some of the camps which I visited, I saw a long line of people waiting at the clothing department in the same way that they waited in the bread and milk lines. Within the building, the garments would be arranged with the mathematical order that obtains in the sorting warehouse. The chief trouble was always with the boots, because, although all those sent are in good condition, and there are even some crates full of absolutely new ones, the foot of the Belgian peasant is large beyond the dreams of avarice. The boots intended for grown men just about fitted the boys.

There are several camps in Holland of special interest, such as the one at Nunspeet, where all the undesirables are drafted, and where there is a barrack entirely for the unfortunate women whom people are apt to refer to as "fallen." Further north, there is a camp strongly guarded, entirely for the criminals from the Belgian prisons. Altogether Holland is looking after two hundred thousand Belgian refugees, and looking after them magnificently, while the Commission for Relief sees to what goes on their backs. This last is in itself no small work, but the chief matter for the Commission is the helping of those who are still in Belgium; and though I could not go there myself, not being a neutral, I was able to see some of the great cargoes which are transferred at Rotterdam into the barges that carry them to their destination.

. . . . . .

There was one sunny day while I was at Rotterdam, with no extravagance about the sun, it is true, no perceptible warmth to it, and no strong glow. Rather a clear, pale shining that gleamed on the broad river, on the brightly-painted boats, even on the huge black cranes that looked like skeleton towers ranked against the cold blue of the sky. In this pale but brilliant light the loading of the barge from the tall, weather-beaten tramp steamer alongside took on something of the quality of a miracle; the great floating crane that separated the two and whose mighty engines were pumping up the grain from the ship's hold—up long black tubes that curved higher than the ship before they descended into her hold—was thrumming and throbbing with life, and the steel plates of the deck vibrated with it. From a great funnel that ended in mid-air above the barge poured a golden column of grain, blurred by the velocity of its own descent. The air all around it was filled with a fine golden dust, as with motes in a sunbeam. In the barge a great heap of grain was swelling and growing. As the column poured on to it, the fresh grain spread itself in an elastic tissue all over the surface of the mound, so that the whole heap seemed moving and instinct with life, every now and then surging and settling in one direction or another, but all the while with this living surface moving, moving, like films of running water. . . .

It was a magic sight, and on closer survey, the grain itself proved to be good, hard, autumn crop. Conditions in Belgium nowadays have reverted to the primitive, and bread takes quite a different place in the scheme of things from that to which we have grown accustomed. Bread and salt are the chief articles of diet in Belgium at the present day. There is a certain amount of local food in the shape of meat and vegetables which will last till April, but by then it will be all exhausted. Besides bread and salt, the Commission supplies condensed milk for the babies, and peas, beans, and some meat and bacon, but the fact remains that life has been translated into terms of bread and salt. For some time now, the German army of occupation in Belgium has had no bread, but is being served with cakes made of potato meal, and on the day that the first German soldier breaks the agreement made with the United States

and touches a piece of the Commission's bread, the whole supply ceases, and the world is told the reason why. And so far the Germans have kept faith.

Imagine, if you can, the scenes in Belgium when the food arrives there. It is all distributed on a system of tickets, as soup is distributed to the destitute by our own soup-kitchens at home. Yellow and blue and red, the little pasteboard squares stand for so many more days of life . . . a very few more days, unless they are soon renewed. For all that grain I saw being pumped, two tons at every spurt, into the great barge, would only suffice to feed Belgium for two days. . . . Only forty-eight hours' security was represented by the weather-worn ship, the powerful busy steam-pump, the labour of the men, the swelling, growing heap of golden atoms that seemed so nearly alive itself. . . .

Holland is grey and dreary enough, but Belgium must be a thousand times worse, sunk in that blight of spirit which is like the grey disease that spreads over the hedge-rows in bad years, withering their strength. Even when I was in Belgium in October, it was bad enough. No one has ever done justice to the greyness of war, especially as it affects the civilian population. The greyness, the dulness, the incredible boredom of it! It was in the air even then, making every breath heavy, but now, with any excitement of the alarums and excursions of war withdrawn, and nothing but the dead level of conquered quiescence remaining, it must be far worse. And, added to it, anxiety —the deadly anxiety of wondering whether the supply of bare necessities doled out by an alien but a friendly race, is going to stop. If it does, the Belgians will not live to see their country restored to them, will never be able to be compensated—as far as compensation is possible for such wrongs—for what they have suffered, individually and as a nation. It is individually that it is possible to save—as a nation, Belgium has already suffered everything but dishonour.

But the individuals, they are still there, seven million of them, each one of those seven million a sentient, hungry thing, and each one, down to the little children, intensely grateful for the help given them. The letters—probably compiled by a teacher, but deeply felt by the little signa-

tories—which come into the office of the Commission from the children, all show a passion of gratitude.

The immortal Christmas ship probably brought more joy into Belgium—if joy is a measurable quantity, which it probably is in spiritual chemistry—than even the necessities of life have evoked. Or rather, that ship did carry the necessities, for she was the bringer of play, of actual happiness. Children can no more live as they ought without happiness than without air. One letter of thanks, sent by the children of Voroux les Liers, says that "the homes still remaining in our beautiful country are sad and desolate, tears are being shed, and Christmas would have been only a memory of lost happiness if it had not been for the children of America. . . ." Another letter tells, in the flowery metaphor of the Continental, with so terrible a measure of truth behind it, that "the war has made of our soil an immense tomb. Our eyes are red with weeping, and our lips are shrivelled with our sorrows. . . ."

Other letters there are from the heads of communities, burgomasters and the like, and these letters fall into two divisions—those written before help was sent and those written since. The former appeal for food, tell exactly the amount of souls in need in that particular district; the latter consist of thanks that all those lives are saved . . . for the time being. They are still being saved, and daily the pathetic lines are formed all over Belgium, in the midst of the ever-falling rain. Sometimes it is quite little children who stagger away, their arms piled high with loaves, and then that means a large family at home, with a mother who cannot leave the younger ones by themselves. . . . There is nothing slipshod about the methods of the Commission, or of the Comité de Secours, which works with it in Brussels. Every soul in the country is docketed, so that the authorities know his status, the size of his family and his needs, and the fateful tickets are served out to him in due ratio.

If the day ever comes when those long expectant lines form up to receive only the tidings that the world's charity has run dry, and there are no more instalments of life to be served out to them, then, and only then, the greatest tragedy, and the second greatest crime, of the war, will have been committed.

A few days after I had seen that magical transfusion of fluid wheat along the great pipes from the ship to the barge, I went down to the dock to see the *Treneglas* unload her cargo. The *Treneglas* is the fourth gift ship which Canada has sent to the Commission, and she carried a mixed cargo amounting to 5,600 tons and worth half a million dollars. Altogether, Canada's gift ships amount in value to two million dollars, a fine total when one considers that, in spite of its vast area, Canada's population is only the same as that of Belgium.

The *Treneglas* was not unloading in mid-stream, but had berthed. She lay beside the grey quay looking like a ghost-ship. She was powdered white with flour, a fine white sediment that lay on her decks and hatches, on her rails and rigging. From her yawning hold the plump white sacks were being swung up in batches by men who were as white as millers.

The *Treneglas* came through a hurricane in mid-Atlantic, two of her forward life-boats had been stove in, a cabin door carried away, and the saloon flooded with three feet of water. She looked battered enough, patched with the different coloured woods with which she was being repaired, and the splintered fragments still lying upon her upper deck. But she had made good with her precious cargo. She had survived storms, the red tape of English officials when she had to put in at Plymouth, and the danger of mines as she crossed the North Sea. She had sighted some, of course, and had seen, also, a ship labouring along with her bows blown in, looking, as the captain put it, "like a pig with its neck stuck." She was safe in Rotterdam at last, and her cargo would keep Belgium alive for a few days more.

For that is the point that cannot be sufficiently emphasised. *It is no good giving unless you keep on giving.* Human nature is very apt to feel that comfortable little glow which is the grave of a good action. But if, having given once, you sit down and hug that glow, then you might just as well never have given at all. For of what use is it to keep people alive this week if you are going to let them starve the next?

The Law and the Bombardment of London

By Sir Thomas Barclay

A RECENT telegram from Washington communicated the following cable from Berlin sent by a Herr von Wiegand, described in the cable as a "well-known American correspondent," concerning the legality of a Zeppelin raid on London :—

> "I have it in writing from both the German General Staff and the Admiralty that there is nothing in international law or in any international agreements against it. The standpoint then, is that London is a defended city, that its bombardment by Zeppelins would constitute no violation of the laws of war, written or unwritten, any more than if London were under the guns of the German army or navy, and that the docks, shipyards, arsenals, banks, railway stations, Government buildings, military establishments, buildings where aerial guns are mounted, &c., are all by the laws of war proper targets for Zeppelins."

The question of what constitutes a "defended" town or place does not seem to have been raised at the Hague Conference of 1899, when the rules and regulations for the conduct of warfare on land were drawn up. Art. 25 of these rules and regulations as then adopted read : "The attack or bombardment of towns, villages, habitations, or buildings which are not defended, is prohibited." At the Conference of 1907 the words, "by any means whatsoever," were inserted after "bombardment" to cover the case of aerial bombardment. The reason for this was that a special declaration, forbidding the use of aircraft for the dropping of projectiles altogether, adopted in 1899 for a period of five years, had not found favour with the Great Powers, except Great Britain and the United States. By the above addition to Art. 25 of the Regulations, aerial bombardment was assimilated to bombardment generally as between States which had not ratified the declaration specifically forbidding it.

The sense of the word "defended," however, in 1907 gave rise to some discussion in connection with the special convention adopted at the second Hague Conference for the regulation of *naval* bombardments. Art. 1 of that Convention forbids the bombardment by naval forces of "undefended ports, towns, villages, habitations, or buildings," to which Art. 2 adds the following qualification :—

"Nevertheless, this interdiction does not comprise military works, military or naval establishments, depôts of arms or war material, workshops or installations suitable to be used for the requirements of the enemy's army or fleet, and war vessels in the port. The commander of a naval force may, after summons with a reasonable delay, destroy them by cannon if no other means are possible, and when the local authorities shall not have proceeded to their destruction within the delay fixed."

As lateral damage to "innocent" property may be caused by bombardment, the second paragraph of the same article provides that, in case "involuntary damage is occasioned by the bombardment," the commander of the bombarding vessel or vessels "incurs no responsibility."

Then, as there is always the contingency of the bombarding vessel, not having time to comply with the prescribed formalities, "military necessity" may be alleged to justify any excesses and barbarity. "If," however, adds a third paragraph of this article, "military necessity, requiring immediate action does not admit of delay, it remains understood that the prohibition to bombard the undefended town continues as set out in the first paragraph, and that the commander will take all the desired precautions to occasion the least possible inconvenience to the town." It is left, as the reader sees, to the bombarding commander to inflict, as the French original mildly enjoins, "le moins d'inconvénients possible" on the place bombarded. In the above-cited first paragraph of Art. 2 we get a sort of definition, at any rate, of the alternative of "undefended." The presence anywhere of "military works," "naval establishments," "depots of war material," "workshops suitable for use by the enemy army or fleet," "war vessels in port," are not, however, regarded as "defences," but as exceptions which, even in an undefended town, the commander may destroy. In the course of the discussion on the subject at the Conference of 1907, the German naval expert, Admiral Siegel, proposed to add "installations et provisions qui peuvent être utilisées."

Asked to explain what he meant by "provisions," the Admiral stated that he had more particularly in view depots of coal. He ultimately withdrew his proposal, but he did so only on the ground that "war materials" covered his point, especially as they would include coal. It was pointed out that this view only applied to coal at a seaport. In this he seems to have acquiesced. The same Admiral claimed the right to bombard a railway junction or floating dock under the term "installations"; this was not disputed. It follows that a bombarding vessel may shell a railway junction and any dock capable of serving as a repairing dock, and, in fact, anything else which can serve the purposes of an army or navy. These provisions, I repeat, do not say or mean that a town ceases to be undefended owing to the presence within its area of things liable to be destroyed. Thus, the question of what constitutes an "undefended town" was still left without a precise definition. Thereupon, to meet this requirement as far as possible, General Den Beer Portugael, the Dutch expert delegate, made the following statement, which was accepted without objection, and declared in the protocol to be an interpretation of the term. I translate it:—

"What is a defended town?"

"In war on land there is no difficulty. An armed force is approaching a town. It may be fortified or open. Even if it is as usually open, the entrance may be defended by temporary banks, barricades, and other earthworks. It goes without saying that the attacking force has a perfect right to bring its artillery to bear on such defences and in such manner as it may think most effective in order to obtain possession of the town. Nevertheless, it will concentrate its artillery against these defence works and against the enemy artillery and forces, but it will take care not to direct its shells *en pure perte* against the town itself, seeing that they might result in loss to the civil population. In so doing the true soldier respects the honourable traditions of his profession.

"In maritime war the circumstances are less simple.

"Suppose that an enemy tried to land on the Dutch coast; for instance, at Scheveningen, which is practically a suburb of the Hague. Dutch forces would be sent to oppose the enemy's landing. Would this defence justify

the bombarding of the Hague, which is an undefended city? Assuredly not. Such defence would not constitute the Hague a defended city. In these conditions, to bombard it would be contrary to the law of nations, because it would be unnecessary cruelty. It would be worse than unnecessary. The destruction of the habitations of peaceful civilians, the setting fire to its public buildings would not only not help to overcome the forces which would have to be defeated in order to obtain a landing, but it would stimulate their ardour in fighting against such unmitigated barbarism. In short, a 'defended town' means, and means alone, a town which is itself directly defended."

This interpretation of the sense of the word "defended," it is seen, tallies with the wording of the Convention itself.

These are all the materials we possess concerning the Hague provisions relating to bombardment, military or naval. London is both an inland city and a sea-port. All the rules relating to bombardment may be said to apply to it. As regards naval bombardment, the preamble to the convention relating to bombardment by naval forces states that its object is, as far as possible, to extend to such bombardments the principles of the Regulations of 1899 concerning war on land. We have seen that in the article of these regulations relating to bombardment the delegates of 1907 inserted a clause to cover aerial navigation. We may, therefore, say that the rules set out for bombardment generally apply also to aerial bombardment. Assuming it to be so, to what calamities of war are the inhabitants of the London area legally exposed in case of a visitation by German air-craft? They may be summed up as follows:—

1. The German commanders may lawfully attack all undisguised military and naval establishments, such as those along the Thames, including Woolwich;

2. They may destroy installations capable of being used for the needs of the military and naval forces, that is, railways facilitating communication between them and wireless stations;

3. They may destroy workshops for the manufacture of materials serviceable for the requirements of army or navy. This gives a commander a very wide discretion

indeed. Admiral Siegel, we have seen, stated that "materials" covered what he meant by "provisions." In this case a German commander might consider himself within the law in destroying private factories in the most densely populated districts.

4. Lastly, and obviously, they may attack all batteries or guns installed for defensive purposes within the populated area. This raises the question of where or whether such batteries or guns should be installed.

The above German note includes banks, Government buildings, and railway stations among the legitimate objects of an attack. How the destruction of banks and Government buildings can diminish a belligerent's means of defence it is difficult to see, and as regards railway stations in this country, they can play no part in the war, unless their destruction synchronises with the landing of invading forces.

Bombardments from the air in the case of Paris have never yet succeeded in effecting their alleged purposes, and the best that can be said as an excuse for the damage they have done is that it has had the character of "involuntary damage occasioned by the bombardment," for which, the second paragraph of Art. 2 says, no responsibility is incurred.

German commanders have shown no disposition to carry out either the humane objects of the Hague Conventions or their terms. In their naval bombardments, far from confining their operations, as required by the Convention, to the things legitimately subject to attack, they have deliberately fired into private houses, as if the presence of an "installation" liable to destruction, even at an isolated extremity of a town, authorised the bombardment of the whole agglomeration. British aviators, on the contrary, have consistently confined themselves to the legitimate purposes of attack by air, and in all cases, be it said to their honour, they have been successful without causing the lateral damage, voluntary or involuntary, which has disgraced the futile attacks of the enemy. Both at Düsseldorf and at Hoboken the British aviators, to avoid doing involuntary damage, descended, at the imminent risk of their lives, to a proximity from which they could direct their aim with accuracy. The German aviators have not

distinguished themselves by any such courage or any such accuracy. Their excuse for setting fire to the roof of Notre-Dame in Paris was that it was lateral damage caused in an effort to destroy the wireless station on the Eiffel Tower, three or four miles away!

Such exploits are on the same level as the other futile destruction of which German commanders have been guilty. With clumsy doggedness they may be hoping to redeem their barbarous aerial failures by some success so colossal that it will be an answer, at any rate, to the charge of futility. This, however, can hardly be effected by a raid on London, which would obviously be useless for any military or naval purpose, and it is improbable that the German commanders will wish to make another futile and illegal addition to their misdeeds when with legal effort they can do work more effective and less illegal elsewhere.

For the Unborn

By Austin Harrison

In a famous address delivered by "Bob" Ingersoll on Decoration Day—a day devoted in America to the decoration of all the graves of those fallen in the War of Independence and in other wars—he began without any opening or formal introduction with the words: "The dead in these graves are the altars of our hearts." The words are memorable to us to-day. There will be many who will die this summer destined, alas! to be drenched with blood. We may say, too, that these dead in their rude graves in France and Flanders, abroad and on the seas, will be the altars of our hearts—of the heart of England. They will live for us and for their country long after the madness which is destroying the male strength of Europe will have subsided and the earth is young and green again.

And if we so honour our dead surely we should care for the living, still more for those who are yet unborn. Of these latter there are many shortly to come into the world, the fruit of joy and circumstance—war babies, numbers of whom will know no fathers, no guardians, and, as likely as not, not even a home, hardly indeed a mother. They have done no harm, these little children. In almost every case their father has been a soldier. It is war. If there are no dead, there is always life. They are the life. the blossom of youth and passion. And they are English, like their begetters. In a word, they are the human side—perhaps the only human side—of war.

As our laws now stand, these coming little people and their mothers are in parlous state. Such conditions were not anticipated, and so not provided for by our law-givers and ecclesiastics. But nature is more elastic. Its business is to fill, to replenish. Of sin, so-called, it is difficult here to speak. These love-matches and their consequences are part of the eternal law of creation, of self or race preserva-

tion; the man who would denounce them, who for the sake of principle or traditional theory would judge them according to the canons of the law obtaining in the land in the blithe times of peace, passes sentence perforce on himself. It is he, the condemner, who stands outside the pale of humanity, not they; not those young mothers who knew their soldier lovers in the ardour and beauty of their hearts. The times are only too real. When death is rampant so there will be love which is its happy counterpart. Where there is much sorrow, anxiety, and dislocation of life's dull routine there will be yearning, romance, passion, and irresponsibility. When every man is, or longs to be, a soldier, it is but natural that women should desire to be lovers, to bear their part, too, in the scheme of country as mothers. War is always a great mating time. Naturally so, for nature is a cunning leveller. Men die willingly enough, but man's highest sense is still love. It is always woman's.

"Thou shalt not kill." What a mockery the commandment is to-day, with half Europe a field of battle and the whole energies of all the great European nations concentrated on the business of slaughter—the greatest slaughter possible, assisted by all the diabolic death-bringing agencies available! But what is right for man is also right for women. No sane man would point to the eighth commandment to-day and say this is the law of Church and country. For the time being there are no laws. Many of the clergy have joined the Army. In France, thousands of priests are with the flag in the trenches. War is a sad custodian of codes and the moralities. We chronicle with open glee the numbers of the enemy killed and wounded. We speak of so many German losses with unmitigated satisfaction. A sniper deliberately shoots ten Germans and he is delighted and so is his regiment, and so are we all. "Kill as many as you can," we say to the parting soldier, "and God be with you." And the French woman says the same words to her son, and the German mother says the same thing to her son. For the while there is no morality in our modern civilisation. Its office is to slay, to slay more, to slay again, cumulatively till the end.

But with the young mothers of the soldiers it is not so. The old-time British law still stands. Though men are

urged to kill, women are not suffered to create. To them, the commandments still hold good. The woman who gives birth to a child not born of wedlock is still pilloried with shame. She is a social outcast. More. Her child is a bastard, and to be a bastard in this country is a life-long humiliation.

Our bastardy laws are indeed a cruel survival of ecclesiastical tyranny, entirely anomalous, whether regarded from the point of view of ethics or sociology. Just think what it is to be a bastard, to be a war baby born of some happy soldier who went away to fight the Germans and gave his life for his country. His child can *never be legitimatised*. Even if the mother marries, the child has to bear her maiden name. By the law, it may not have a father. Once a bastard always a bastard—such is the law. The little creature goes through life branded, like an unclean animal. In its frantic mediæval desire to crucify the offender, the ecclesiastical-made law of the land places a social ban upon the helpless children, ostracising them from the good-fellowship of humanity. The question of alimony seems to have been made purposely difficult for the mother. To obtain an affiliation order, the mother has to obtain a summons, and pay for it. In many cases the woman cannot afford it. And when the order has been obtained, the law does little to help her. So far as the protection of the mother and the maintenance for the child are concerned, the law lags far behind that of other countries, and is on the face of it grotesquely offensive, both to common sense and the very conception of motherhood.

But *punishment* is no longer the idea of progressive States which to-day legislate *remedially*. We call ourselves a democratic people. More and more we hear of the State, of Socialistic ideals, of emancipation from the trammels of antiquity. What, then, is the meaning of this indifference of the State towards the birth of an illegitimate child? Every birth is a social fact. It is obviously of direct advantage to the State to look after its own family, to see that the individual is assured a fair start on the road of life. To grant Old Age Pensions while turning some million illegitimate children born in a single generation into wastrels and shame-branded outcasts is as illogical as it is senseless. The fact that a child born one week before the

father marries the mother deprives that child of all right of legitimatisation, and the father of all legal right to claim his offspring as his own, constitutes a stigma on our national intelligence that no ethic or appeal to morality or precedent can justify. The law is unspeakably cruel. It says the illegitimate child is to remain illegitimate. It has no kin, no right of inheritance. The father goes unpunished, whereas the child carries the so-called shame to its grave, according to the vindictive decrees of dogma. And on the mother the whole burden of care and responsibility falls, and she, too, is branded with State shame. So we treat motherhood in Merry England, the motherhood of love, which, with hypocritical morality, we extol as the altar of the family.

I am not pleading for illegitimacy, I am pleading for the luck of the roaring camp. Illegal parentage is, and must be, a social evil, which it is the business of the State to combat. It is to the present state of our Bastardy Laws that I would call attention in this, the ninth month of the war, when all over the country unhonoured mothers are preparing for the little ones that are coming unwanted, and branded even from birth, into the world.

The question has been bravely taken up by Mr. Ronald McNeill, M.P., in the Press; also the women of the Free Churches are appealing to women in every district to form local committees of women for purposes of help and instruction. It is not sufficient. The evil lies in the law. So long as our Bastardy Laws are suffered by public opinion to obtain, there can be no redress, and no justice done to these innocent war babies, born of sin and battle. The soldier may return to his love and marry her, but his child will not bear his name. At home he may call him father, but at school, in public, he is a bastard. Men and women, no doubt, will be lenient, seeing that he is a war bastard. But how will that help the little chap, perplexed that he may not think of his father, who fought in the Great War, as a son; or so speak of him, as, by the law of life, he is entitled to? And there will be many in such plight. Thousands, perhaps tens of thousands.

There is not much time. We have had our debates about the Derby and the ethics of horse-racing, and settled them to the satisfaction of the horses. But this is a question

which concerns the women of the country and the unborn. In every way they are as important as the horses, though our lawgivers may not think so. These unborn children are left to us in trust by our soldiers. Socially and humanly it is a heritage we should respect.

Kind words, protestations, mothers' meetings, reasonable committees, frank offerings, sentiment, and platitudes are of no use whatever. It is the Bastardy Laws that must be changed, brought up to the standards of other enlightened countries, and to those obtaining in our own colonies. This reform, of course, can only be effected through Parliament. It rests then with the public, with the men and women of the country. No doubt, Ecclesiasticism would object; so much is to be expected. And yet I cannot bring myself to believe that the Church, in the face of the situation that is arising, would venture to crucify these soldiers' babies. Many of the clergy are fighting. The Bishop of London has been out in France speaking brave words to the men. Is it to be supposed he has no thought for their womenfolk, for their children? In reality, it should not be an ecclesiastical concern.

It is the concern of the State. Useless to argue about the morality of the problem, which is actual and urgent. In any case, the sin of these women is nothing compared (humanly and religiously) with the crime of the war, of which it is in truth a most human portent. Indeed, in the larger and higher sense these children are Nature's answer to slaughter. They come of the spirit of war to create, to be themselves fighters in the world, and they are the *children of Love.*

The children of Love. Let us not deceive ourselves by the phrase. All the chances are that these children will be good births, useful citizens of the State, far more likely to grow into fine men and women than the offspring of arranged marriages and the unlovely union of only too many of our modern wedlocks blessed by both State and Church. Only the hypocritical will deny the fact. Every one of these children born is a citizen of the Empire. If he is to owe allegiance to Britain, the country at least owes legitimacy to him. It owes it doubly to-day in the memory of his father.

The usual political tinkering will help nobody—this

is not the time for the spirit of compromise, or the pink pills of charity. All the practical aspects of the situation are gravely serious. There is only one way whereby the mothers and the yet unborn can be freed from life-long ignominy, and that is by reforming the Bastardy Laws. They ought to have been reformed years ago. At this hour some thousands of children are awaiting delivery. Will it have to be recorded that England honoured her dead and branded their offspring with shame? Are we to bastardise the seed of those who fought for us? I cannot think so. I cannot believe in such brutality.

If there is any human sense or charity in our Government of lawyers they will find time to consider the mothers. But they will not do so unless the other mothers, the mothers with rings on their fingers, raise up their voices in protest. "Wait and see" spells earthly damnation to every luckless child so born. Biologically, the State has precious need of these little ones. There may yet come a time in this country, owing to the war, when motherhood will be a national duty—in Germany and probably in France it will be a State necessity. The lot of these little ones lies with the legitimate mothers of England. If they merely fuss and sentimentalise no good will accrue, and the laws will remain to shame us. Women say there is no *esprit de corps* among women; their test is at hand. They have but to demand justice for the young girls and women who are to become the mothers of war babies, and they will receive it, and by law will have won to a higher place in the long march of progress. If every man is to be a soldier, let every woman at least think like a mother and have done with this obsolete and cruel legislation, which in present conditions threatens the very sanity of our civilisation. I say, with all the earnestness of which I am capable, it will be a lasting disgrace if we do not repeal our wicked Bastardy Laws, so that these children may be suffered to come into the world free from ban and social degradation, and the soldiers who begot them may at least die with a bright heart for Liberty.

Our Duty to the Prisoners

By Austin Harrison

The news that reprisals have been taken against British officer prisoners of war as an answer to our treatment of German submarine crews will not surprise anyone with the smallest knowledge of German military methods. and shows once more how singularly the authorities (whoever they may be) in this country fail to understand the German war idea. But the matter is too serious to be left where it is. Anything in the shape of reprisals would of a certainty bear disproportionately heavily on our men. Always it will be our soldiers who will get the knock. The problem which has arisen in connection with the prisoners is one calling for urgent and public treatment.

It is said that when the German officer, Andler, was caught the other day he expressed something like mild surprise to learn that he was not going to be shot. That is the German idea. To us, such disciplinary severity may appear inconceivable, to the German it is the custom and accepted thought. We must remember—perhaps we do not know—that German officers are forbidden by their military code to give their parole. They thus hold themselves entirely free : to escape, to do any damage they can; and the same code applies, generally speaking, to all German subjects who, since the Delbrück laws, cannot forswear nationality, and are still regarded, even when nationalised, as subjects of the German State.

But our Government has no excuse for its remissness in not inquiring into the treatment of British captives in Germany. Article 14 of the Hague Regulations lays it down that an information bureau shall be established in each of the belligerent States and, in given circumstances, in neutral States, whose duty it will be to answer all inquiries relating to prisoners and inform itself about every-

thing which concerns such prisoners of war. So far as I am aware, no such information bureau has been established in Germany. So far as we have been told, little effort has been made even to obtain the customary information about these prisoners.

If the Government will consult that invaluable work, *The German War Book*, translated by Professor J. H. Morgan, they will discover sufficient reason, it might be thought, to urge them to think seriously about the whole question. On page 73, the German code expressly asserts that prisoners may be put to death for four reasons. No. 4 is instructive. "*In case of overwhelming necessity, when other means of precaution do not exist and the existence of the prisoners becomes a danger to one's own existence.*"

At first blush, this paragraph looks vague enough. But vagueness is part of the German method. Put in plain language it means this. A belligerent nation can destroy its prisoners if their presence, care, or responsibility are militarily irksome: that is the point it behoves not only Britain, but the Allies conjointly to consider.

We speak of crushing Germany, but to crush the German Armies the Allies will have to penetrate into German territory. This, it may be, will be the case with the Russians forcing their way into Austria-Hungary, in which eventuality it is clear that the condition of paragraph 4 might be regarded as actual. We know that the Germans possess an unprecedented amount of prisoners.* It is obvious that if ever the Russians or the Allies come to fight on German (Austrian) soil grave difficulties may arise in connection with the safeguarding of the prisoners who, in certain not unrealisable conditions, may become a source of veritable danger to the German defensive forces. It will be too late then to enter into negotiations about them. Moreover, from the German military point of view, these men constitute a moral or political weapon to be used accordingly. I know that if Germany is ever seriously put to it within her own territory these prisoners, the moment they constituted a military inconvenience, would stand in the gravest danger. In the last extremity, the Germans would have no hesitation in doing away with them.

* The German official report claims up to April 1st 812,803 prisoners; 20,827 British and more than 500,000 Russians.

There is not the smallest exaggeration in this statement, which I make deliberately. The German law of fighting admits all forms of annihilation and slaughter as inherent in the war power of a combatant. Ruthlessness is the German war motto. Moltke was always the advocate of terrorism, holding that all the resources of the foe were liable to attack. Since his time the ethics of German *Kriegsitte* have not moderated. In a defensive war such as the Germans will, it is to be hoped, shortly be engaged on, they recognise no laws or restrictions whatsoever. In defence of the Fatherland all means are regarded as justifiable. We may count upon it they will display them.

It is my deliberate opinion that we shall be incurring a grave responsibility if we allow this question of the prisoners to drift on till the crisis arrives. Reprisals in any form should be avoided, if only out of consideration of our own honour. But we can, and we ought to, make this question a world-wide concern. And we ought to let the Germans know our intentions.

The law, precedent, sentiment, foggy appeals to the regulations of Peace Congresses will avail nothing. We are dealing with a military people who only recognise military, or (as they say) Roman standards of life and conduct. To imagine that by electrifying a country residence we are winning the sympathy of the Germans is to misunderstand their attitude. They regard that sort of thing as a sign of degeneracy (I am not sure that it isn't). Diplomatic representations will pass unheeded. Even on American initiative we must count less and less the more the Germans drift into unveiled hostility to America, which very possibly will be their ultimate aim in order to force the United States into the fray in the guise of an interested peacemaker. The time is approaching when great events may take place. We cannot afford to lose a moment.

It is just possible that if the Government pressed the matter strongly on a reciprocal basis, we might arrange with Germany to have all British prisoners removed to a neutral country, but, unfortunately, the number of neutral countries is exceedingly limited, and, short of Spain, I can see no State likely to be willing to accept the responsibility; added to which there is the serious difficulty of removal. In any case, such a scheme could hardly apply to the

enormous masses of Allied prisoners now in the hands of the Germans.

But we can state our position, and we can announce to the world the attitude of the Allies. The Germans should be given clearly to understand that in the event of the maltreatment of prisoners or of their slaughter, the Allied Powers will hold the crowned heads, the Princes, Generals, Ministers, and higher officials responsible, who will be tried accordingly. Sooner or later there will come peace, and the Germans will have to accept the Allies' terms. On that day of reckoning judgment will be passed. We sent Napoleon to St. Helena. If the Germans kill these prisoners, we must send the Kaiser and his confederates to their deaths.

We ought to proclaim this to the whole world—now. It is the only way to deal with the Germans; moreover, it is the way they would deal with us. It is suggested in France that the Allies should not discuss terms with the Kaiser and his Generals, but with delegates of the German people. The idea is good, but to carry it out we have first to beat the Germans to the necessary point of submissiveness, which is to say, we have got to humble them. It is there that the danger to the prisoners lies. The imagination reels before the idea of a Russian invasion of Austria with the consequent madness of the German soldiery, the utter ruthlessness of the means they would adopt to defend their homes. In such a crisis the prisoners may well become a source of trouble. Those who think the Germans would place the welfare of their prisoners before their own safety ignore the German character. If ever such a crisis occurs, there will be deeds done in Germany unrecorded in all history.*

*The cold-blooded murder of Mr. Hadley is characteristic of the German military attitude.

The Use of Cotton in War

By Sir William Ramsay, K.C.B., F.R.S.

Till recently, the old-fashioned black powder, which was said to have been known to the Chinese in remote times, but which was re-invented by Roger Bacon, was the only ammunition serviceable for the propulsion of shot and shell from guns. It consists of a mixture of charcoal, sulphur, and saltpetre; the two first are combustibles; the last serves to supply these with oxygen, and make them burn. As a rule, burning bodies obtain their oxygen from the air; gunpowder, on the other hand, contains its own source of oxygen. When the charcoal and the sulphur burn, the charcoal is changed into two gases, one of which is named carbon monoxide; its chemical formula is CO, showing that it consists of an atom of carbon, in union with an atom of oxygen; the other has the formula CO_2, and is the familiar "carbonic acid gas" of soda-water; its systematic name is carbon dioxide. The sulphur, when it burns, gives sulphur dioxide, of which the formula is SO_2. These are all gases; and as it is a law that gases, when heated, expand greatly, the heat developed by the burning of the charcoal and the sulphur raises them to a very high temperature. The volume of the gases is over four thousand times greater than that of the powder from which it is produced. This gas is developed with great rapidity; each grain of powder, in changing to gas, sets fire to its neighbour; and as the particles are close together, the combustion spreads, and the pressure rises; for the volume of the powder in the gun is small, and the gases originally occupy the volume of the powder. But as the powder begins to explode, the pressure rises, owing to the expansion of the gases formed; the bullet begins to move, and as the combustion spreads, more powder burns, and increases the velocity of the bullet in the barrel, until it issues from the muzzle of the gun with a certain rate, which is termed the "muzzle-velocity."

In driving the bullet down the barrel, the expansion of the gases exerts energy; theoretically one pound of black powder should raise 500 tons through one foot; in practice this is not reached, for only one-fifth to one-tenth of this energy is developed. It may be more comprehensible if the statement is put in a different form. Suppose that the energy developed is 100 foot-tons, this is equivalent to the raising of a bullet weighing one pound to 224,000 feet, or 127 miles! Needless to say, this is never achieved in practice; for the energy of the powder is by no means expended when the bullet leaves the barrel; and the friction of the bullet in the barrel, and that of the air after it leaves the barrel enormously decrease this theoretical estimate. Moreover, the gases cool themselves on expanding, and so diminish the theoretical pressure.

Each grain of black powder is easily visible to the eye; and each grain explodes separately. The grains are coated with blacklead, or graphite, also a form of carbon; it is one which does not easily burn; and so it protects each grain more or less from its neighbours. This is intentionally done, in order that the explosion may not be too rapid; if it were, the gun might burst before the bullet had been made to move sufficiently for room to be given for the gases to expand. Now, chemical substances are known in which the materials which explode are not separated from each other by a considerable distance, as in black powder, but are as near together as atoms can come; the distance between two atoms in a compound is almost infinitesimal. Hence if such a body explodes, there is almost instant union between the carbon and hydrogen which it contains, and its oxygen. Such a substance is gun-cotton. But there is another reason why gun-cotton explodes more powerfully than gunpowder, and that is, because when it decomposes it gives off much heat; there is not merely the heat evolved by the burning of the carbon and hydrogen with its oxygen, but the very act of its decomposing is accompanied by an evolution of heat. The gases which are formed therefore, the oxides of carbon, steam or water-gas, and nitrogen are enormously hot, and consequently occupy a much larger volume relative to that of the gases of black powder. Whereas the temperature developed by black powder when it explodes is about 2,200° Centigrade, that of gun-cotton

is about 4,000° Centigrade; hence the expansion of the gases is about double that of the gases from black powder, and the consequent pressure nearly double as great.

Gun-cotton was discovered in 1845 by the Swiss chemist, Schönbein; he prepared it by treating cotton-wool with a mixture of nitric and sulphuric acids; the "cellulose," to give cotton-wool its proper name, is "nitrated," that is, it takes from the nitric acid groups consisting of an atom of nitrogen combined with two atoms of oxygen. It is then washed with water, and dried; its appearance hardly differs from that of the cotton-wool from which it is made. When it explodes, the oxygen of these groups unites with the carbon and hydrogen which are constituents of the cotton, while the nitrogen is set free as a gas, such as forms four-fifths of ordinary air.

The effect of gun-cotton is not obtained by setting it on fire, as is the case with black powder. When a light is put to it, it simply burns with a rapid flare; it does not explode. To make it break up suddenly, it requires to be "detonated." This can be brought about by hitting it a hard blow on an anvil; but the blow is better given by use of a "detonator." A detonator is a substance similar chemically to gun-cotton in this: it is also a very unstable substance, and it also gives out heat when it decomposes. The first known of these substances was discovered in 1797 by the Englishman Higgins; he named it fulminate of gold. Three years later, Howard discovered fulminate of mercury, which is still used as the best available detonator. It is made by dissolving mercury in a mixture of nitric acid and alcohol. It is a greyish-white powder, and is the material used for percussion caps. The slightest sharp blow or rise of temperature causes it to explode violently, and although it gives very little gas, still its explosion has the effect of a sudden blow in causing gun-cotton to explode almost instantaneously.

The explosion of gun-cotton, however, is too rapid for its use in a gun; before the bullet has time to move, the gun would burst.

A substance similar to nitro-cotton, or gun-cotton, was first prepared by a Frenchman named Sobrero, in 1847; it is made by mixing glycerine with nitric and sulphuric acids; it is an oil, which settles out, and is washed free from

acid with water. It, too, explodes almost instantaneously when a drop is placed on an anvil and hit with a hammer; indeed, it is less stable than gun-cotton and explodes under slighter provocation. It was for long used as a blasting material in mines, but its use was always attended with danger, and many lives have been lost owing to its accidental explosion. Like gun-cotton, it can be fired by means of a detonator of fulminate of mercury. This was discovered in 1864 by Alfred Nobel, a Swede, and in 1868 Sir Frederick Abel found that fulminate causes gun-cotton to explode. To detonate gun-cotton, the fibre is compressed into a cylinder, in which the fulminate is embedded; and when it is detonated by means of a blow or a fuse, the gun-cotton explodes; the fulminate, unlike nitroglycerine or gun-cotton, detonates when heated. The explosion of one cylinder of gun-cotton sets off another cylinder placed alongside it, if the distance between them is not too great. Indeed, a comparative idea of the stability of a sample of gun-cotton may be obtained by measuring the distance at which the explosion of one will set off its neighbour.

Nobel greatly increased the safety of handling nitroglycerine by soaking with it an infusorial earth, named kieselguhr, which consists of microscopic silica shells. Each of these fills with the nitroglycerine, and it forms a pasty substance termed "dynamite." But, of course, dynamite, though a good blasting material, is of no use for ammunition, for the granules of silica would abrade the gun.

The amount of oxygen in gun-cotton is not quite sufficient for the complete combustion of the carbon and hydrogen which it contains. On the other hand, nitroglycerine contains a small excess of oxygen. Nobel made the very useful discovery that by kneading gun-cotton with nitroglycerine, the latter is absorbed and dissolves the gun-cotton, forming a rubber-like mass. This mixture is comparatively stable, and contains enough oxygen for complete combustion. In the compact state it is used for blasting purposes; but its explosion is too sudden for it to be possible to use it in guns. It can, however, be made suitable by sub-division into granules, or threads. The ammunition of most foreign nations consists of granules of "blasting

gelatine" to which one or other addition is made to moderate the explosion; the British ammunition, cordite, so named from its cord-like form, consists of strings of this substance formed into threads by forcing it through a die.

While rifles fire solid bullets, the larger ordnance nowadays always fires shells; hollow projectiles, containing some explosive material which can be set off either by a time-fuse, in contact with fulminate of mercury, or by impact of a fulminate capsule with the object struck. Gun-cotton, either alone or as blasting-gelatine, is, however, unsuitable for filling shells, owing to the fact that if a shell charged with it were fired from a gun, it would explode in the gun, and rupture it. Hence it is necessary to replace it by some other explosive which will withstand the shock of the explosion of the ammunition in the gun without itself exploding. Of these there are two chief varieties. The first is picric acid, made by the action of a mixture of nitric and sulphuric acids on carbolic acid or phenol, one of the constituents of coal-tar; the second, trinitrotoluene, or "T.N.T.," is produced by similarly nitrating toluene, a light oil, also distilled from coal-tar. Picric acid has the disadvantage that it attacks most metals, among others iron, forming salts, which are themselves much more unstable than the picric acid itself. Hence, a shell filled with picric acid has to be protected in its interior with some material on which the picric acid will not act. Trinitrotoluene, on the other hand, suffers from no such disadvantage. Picric acid does not contain enough oxygen to consume all its carbon and hydrogen; hence its explosion is accompanied by clouds of black smoke; at the same time, the poisonous gas, carbonic oxide, is produced; and some of the picric acid escapes burning, and stains yellow the hands and faces of those exposed to its fumes. Its explosive power is often increased by the addition of substances which will add oxygen, such as nitrate of ammonium. Ammonal, for example, which is largely used by the Austrians, is picric acid with which nitrate of ammonium, charcoal powder, aluminium, and trinitrotoluene have been incorporated. It is a more powerful explosive than picric acid, and is very safe; but it does not always explode, for it is apt to become moist.

Trinitrotoluene, "T.N.T.," "trotyl," "tritolo," "tolite," "trilite," or "tritol" (to mention some of the names by which its various makers have called it) is very safe, for it requires a heavy detonation to make it explode, and it can be melted and poured into shells without any danger. It has also the advantage of not wetting with water. It is largely used by all the combatants in the present war.

We see, then, that there are four kinds of explosive; first, black powder, which is a mixture of substances, one of which gives off oxygen with which the others burn, producing a large volume of hot gases; it is not sensitive to shock. Second, nitroglycerine, gun-cotton, and the various mixtures of these, to which other materials are sometimes added, generally to supply more oxygen. These are fairly sensitive to shock; they can be exploded by a smart blow, or by a detonator; when set on fire, they burn vigorously, but do not explode, as a rule. Third, picric acid and trinitrotoluene, sometimes with additions. These are not easily exploded; they are safe to handle, and require a strong detonator to set them off. Fourth, the material of detonators, fulminate of mercury; it is very sensitive to shock, and also explodes when heated.

For propulsive ammunition, black powder, which, however, is now discarded, and the gelatinised mixtures of nitroglycerine and gun-cotton are alone available. For filling shells, black powder may be used, but it is ruled out in favour of the more powerful explosives, picric acid or trinitrotoluene. For a detonator, fulminate of mercury is practically the only compound employed.

The raw materials required in the manufacture of these explosives are: for black powder, nitre, sulphur, and charcoal; for nitroglycerine, glycerine, nitric and sulphuric acids; for gun-cotton, cotton and the acids mentioned; for the modern powders made from them, alcohol, acetone, and other solvents are sometimes used; for picric acid, a product of coal-tar named phenol or carbolic acid; and for trinitrotoluene, toluene, another oil from coal-tar, along with nitric and sulphuric acids. For fulminates, mercury, nitric acid, and alcohol are the necessary materials for manufacture. A list of all the essentials will comprise sulphur and sulphides, the chief of which is sulphide of iron, or iron pyrites. Sulphur is exported chiefly from Sicily and vol-

canic districts; there is none as such in Germany and Austria. Iron pyrites come chiefly from Spain; there are also deposits in Norway. It is not abundant in Germany; but in the Hartz and in Silesia there are deposits of ores containing sulphur, such as galena (sulphide of lead), blende (sulphide of zinc), and some others. Sulphur and sulphides are raw material for sulphuric acid. Nitre, or saltpetre, the chemical name of which is nitrate of potassium, is extracted from the soil in northern India; but that source is insignificant, and is, moreover, not available for our adversaries. Nitrate of sodium, or *caliche*, serves as a manure; it is found in the soil on the high plateaux of the Andes, and is exported in enormous quantity from Peru and Chili. In ordinary times, the amount used for ammunition is trifling, compared to that required for agriculture; large as that stock must have been in Germany at the beginning of the war, it is probably nearly exhausted. When distilled with sulphuric acid, it yields nitric acid, which, in conjunction with sulphuric acid, is used in "nitrating" glycerine, cotton, phenol, and toluene, producing nitroglycerine, gun-cotton, picric acid, and trinitrotoluene respectively.

It is now more than fifteen years since two Norwegians, Professor Birkeland of Christiania, and Dr. Eyde, invented a process by which the oxygen and nitrogen of the air are made to combine by electric heat; the resulting gas, nitric peroxide, when passed through water, gives nitric acid; it can also be combined with lime, yielding as a product nitrate of lime, which is coming into use as a manure. Norway is particularly well adapted for this industry, on account of its cheap electric power, derived from the energy of waterfalls. But, of course, it can be made where a supply of coal is available; and that is the case of Germany; all that is required is to rotate a dynamo. Doubtless the Germans are procuring nitric acid by this means. Still more recently, however, a process has been worked out by Professor Haber and Mr. Le Rossignol, in which atmospheric nitrogen, completely separated from the oxygen of the air by liquefying and fractionation, is made to combine with hydrogen by electric heating; the product is ammonia. Ammonia is also produced in large amount during the distillation of coal, in the manufacture of coal-

gas, and in coking coal. It is known that the Germans have just installed very large works on the Rhine, near Mannheim, in which Haber's process is in operation. But ammonia as such is of no direct use in the manufacture of explosives; it must first be oxidised to nitric acid. This is achieved by the method of Ostwald and Kayser. It is also known that the German Government has recently subsidised this manufacture to the extent of £10,000,000, so it would appear as if that were their chief source of nitric acid.

Glycerine is a product of the soap works; when fats are boiled with caustic soda in the process of soap-making, the glycerine remains in the watery layer, after "salting-out" the soap, and is recovered from it by distillation. There can be no lack of glycerine in Germany; although the supply of the various fats and oils, which normally comes from hot countries, may at present be cut off.

Cotton consists of cellulose, the chief constituent of wood. It is grown in the southern States of America, in Egypt, and in India. The last two sources of supply are, of course, cut off from Germany. Allusion will be made later to the American supplies. It may be stated here, however, that other forms of cellulose are ill-adapted for gun-cotton; much depends on the physical condition of the material; and cotton fibre has been found to be best. In peace, the short fibre, rejected by the spinners, serves to satisfy the needs of the sporting world for powder; but at present, the consumption of cotton fibre must be prodigious. Alcohol, acetone, and other solvents are not likely to be lacking to our enemies, although the price of the latter has doubtless gone up. It is produced from acetic acid, itself obtained by the distillation of wood.

Coal-tar is certainly being produced in large amount in Germany and Austria. There is no reason to doubt that coal is being distilled as usual for illuminating gas; and although the production of iron, which requires coke, for industrial purposes is probably not nearly so large as in time of peace, still, Krupp's works must require very large quantities of steel for guns of all kinds, and for other purposes connected with the war. Hence it may be taken that the coking furnaces are going as usual, and producing their quotum of coal-tar. From it phenol and toluene can

be separated. The last raw material to be considered is mercury; its chief source is Spain and South America. But the total amount required for fulminates is by no means great; and it would appear probable, therefore, that our enemies have a sufficient supply on hand.

It would have been well, at the commencement of the war, to have taken every possible means to exclude materials which could serve the enemy for ammunition. But the policy appears to have been that so dear to our Government—"Wait and See." The chief desiderata of our adversaries are probably sulphur and cotton. Very high prices are being offered for both of these; and it is known that supplies of the former are entering Germany from Norway and from Spain, both neutral countries, and both within communication with Germany; the former through the Baltic; the latter *via* Genoa.

There is no use in crying over spilt milk, or rather, over the milk of human unkindness, with which our enemies have been supplied. It would have been reasonable, and would have raised no ill-feeling among neutral nations, had all ships, conveying cargoes likely to serve any purpose of munitions of war to Germany, or to neutral nations, been captured, taken possession of, and *paid for*. Germany and Austria, according to the Cotton Spinners' Federation, which has compiled its information from actual returns made by the cotton spinners of these countries of the cotton used in the cotton-spinning mills, imported during the years 1911, 1912, and 1913, the following quantities in bales from America, India, and Egypt:—

	1911.	1912.	1913.
Germany.....	1,730,355	1,797,371	1,691,582
Austria	782,886	864,096	837,065

The weights of bales of cotton differ, however, according to the source; thus, the weight of an American bale is 500 lbs., of an East Indian bale, 400 lbs., and of a bale from Egypt, 700 lbs. Allowing for these, the average import for spinning purposes during the three years was:—

Germany.....	383,587 tons.
Austria	178,463 „
	562,050 „

The Board of Trade returns show that the average for the two countries lies, for the past five years, in the neigh-

bourhood of 700,000 tons. The difference, about 140,000 tons, is supposed to be used for wadding, upholstery, and gun-cotton. Now, ten tons of cotton furnish about eighteen tons of gun-cotton. It is impossible to guess how much of this extra 140,000 tons was used for purposes other than the manufacture of gun-cotton; but knowing, as we do, that the present war was not begun by Germany on the spur of the moment, but had been carefully prepared for, it may not be unreasonable to suppose that 100,000 tons a year were reserved for making 180,000 tons of gun-cotton. If this preparation had been carried on for five years, it implies a store of 900,000 tons of gun-cotton.

That this is not a wholly unreasonable supposition is revealed by the immense preparations which Germany has been making for the present war. Still, it is only a guess; and we have no right to act on this guess as if it were a fact.

Let us next see how much cotton is required during the present war by our enemies. A German Mauser rifle-cartridge contains 48·4 grains of gun-cotton; and as one part of gun-cotton requires 0·55 part of cotton, the 48·4 grains would have been produced from 26·6 grains of cotton. The next part of the calculation refers to the number of shots fired. Assume 3,000,000 men, and that each, on the average, fires ten rounds a day. Then we have an expenditure of fifty-one tons of cotton a day, or 18,600 tons a year, as a minimum for rifles. The expenditure on machine guns is enormously greater, owing to their very rapid firing. It may safely be taken as of equal amount; together 36,000 tons a year. Next, ordnance is being used very largely; here, again, we can only form a rough estimate. Suppose the Germans are using 5,000 guns, that each fires ten shots a day, and that the average charge is about 50 lbs. If that be so, then 1,000 tons a day, or 365,000 tons a year, would be required. It is probable that the number of shots fired is much over-estimated. The reader can make his own estimate. Anyhow, the annual expenditure cannot be less than 100,000, and may be as great as 300,000 tons a year.

Now, no one knows how long the war will last. It may be for months; we hope it will not be for years. But of one thing we are absolutely certain—that the more materials

for ammunition we allow to enter Germany, the longer the duration of the war.

The importance of excluding materials of ammunition from Germany was not realised by the Cabinet for many months, although representations were frequently made to its members. It was said that Germany had already taken precautions to store all the ammunition she would want. And, most unfortunately, Sir Edward Grey, replying to a letter from Mr. Page, the American Ambassador, on January 7th, wrote:—

"His Majesty's Government have never put cotton on the list of contraband; they have throughout the war kept it on the free list, and on every occasion, when questioned on the point, they have stated their intention of adhering to the practice."

One can only gasp, and ask: "For Heaven's sake, why?"

Various reasons have been alleged why cotton should not be declared contraband; it would appear as if our Government were anxious to take no steps to prevent it from entering Germany. Mr. Primrose, answering for the War Office, when asked on the 14th inst. in the House whether it was the intention of Government to exclude cotton, merely referred to previous statements; these were to the effect that as Germany had plenty of cotton in stock, there was no reason for preventing her from having more!

It may be said that the Order in Council of March 15th will have the effect of excluding cotton. It may also be supposed to exclude copper and wool, both of which are placed on the contraband list. It is fair to conclude that by making this distinction between wool, unsuited for ammunition, and cotton, an absolute essential, there is some difference in their treatment. It is known that there are large cargoes of cotton in the sheds at Gothenburg; it is also known that the normal consumption of American cotton in Sweden is 5,000 tons; it is also known that enormously high prices are being offered for cotton by Germany. The imports of cotton from other sources into Sweden are not insignificant. There are in Sweden about half-a-million spindles; and the normal amount of cotton for a year's use of that number of spindles is about 8,000 tons. But it would appear that 24,000 tons reached Sweden in 1913–14; hence about 12,000 tons must have been re-shipped from Sweden to other countries in that year.

It is also known that cargoes are consigned to Holland *via* Genoa, and that to reach Holland they must pass through German territory, or territory occupied by Germany. Is it likely that it is permitted unchecked transport through our enemy's country? Is it not more likely that it is confiscated, and doubtless paid for by the Germans?

When a port is declared to be blockaded, all ships attempting to enter, whether enemy or neutral, can be captured and confiscated with their cargoes, whether contraband or not. But by the treaty of Paris (1856), no blockade is valid unless enforced by a fleet sufficient to make it effective. A nation cannot blockade a neutral port, and hence the Government have never declared the German ports to be in a state of blockade. But they have declared that all ships, whether carrying contraband or not, shall be stopped if going to Germany. This is wholly illegal, and is justifiable only as a reprisal. The declaration has all the force of a blockade, except that if a neutral ship is stopped, the ship and cargo must be restored to the owners; contraband goods, however, may be retained. Cotton, not having been declared contraband, is allowed to proceed, unless destined for Germany. If belonging to a neutral, it might be retained, but would have to be purchased. If it were declared contraband, it would *ipso facto* be forfeited; but, doubtless, payment would be made to its possessors, if they were neutrals.

It is difficult for an outsider to judge of such matters. It would appear, however, that the simplest plan would be to place cotton under the same category as copper, wool, etc., and to declare it contraband. In this case the captain of a ship would have no doubt as to his course of action. As it is, he must examine the papers of the ship which he has stopped; if he finds that the consignees of the goods which it contains are neutrals, he has no option but to let them pass. The consignees, of course, are exposed to heavy temptation to make enormous profits by sending war materials to Germany, and it is unlikely that all will resist.

There remains to be considered the susceptibilities of America. There are two lines of argument which might be applied. First, the precedent of their own action during their Civil War might be quoted. It is all in favour of making cotton contraband. Second, it might be pointed

out that all cotton retained will be purchased from the owners at market price. Supposing the whole crop were thus dealt with, it would involve an expenditure of some £20,000,000—a large sum, but relatively small, when the daily cost of this war is considered. Moreover, it is unlikely that there would be any material loss; there would, on the contrary, be a prospect of gain. For the price per lb. of "middling" American cotton in 1911–12 was $6\frac{1}{16}$ pence; in 1912–13, $6\frac{3}{4}$ pence; and it is at present quoted at $5\frac{3}{4}$ pence. Hence the Government might do a good deed and make a profit.

But we have Sir Edward Grey's promise to Dr. Page. Is it this "scrap of paper" which prevents action? Doubtless it is. But circumstances alter; and there is no disgrace in giving due notice of the termination of a promise when its keeping results in the loss of innumerable lives. Should the Americans protest, then the loss of life would lie at their door. Doubtless they are concerned, not to help the enemy with ammunition, but to make sure that their traders are not exposed to loss. This assurance could be given to them, and would certainly be accepted.

This matter is of extreme urgency; every day means the sacrifice of the lives of our Allies and our own brave men. If the Government refuse to take what is obviously the right course, they must be compelled to do so by a national protest. We cannot allow our rulers to connive at supplying ammunition to our enemies; they must be forced to declare cotton contraband.

Books

FICTION

THE INVISIBLE EVENT. By J. D. BERESFORD. Sidgwick and Jackson. 6*s*.

A conscientious study. It is perfectly true that the loves of this rather humdrum couple are not a very exhilarating subject; that the heroine—especially in the earlier half of the volume—has certain teasing tricks of indecision and prevarication which would have tried the patience of men less hopelessly enamoured than her Jacob; that the problem presented is neither new nor solved in a new fashion. But this problem is an everlastingly interesting one and is adequately dealt with; and as to the other objections—well, the author would doubtless retort that he is giving us nothing more than a piece of realism, and that one must not ask for things which lie outside the scope of his work. Still, we wish he could have made us feel a little more pleased, or a little more displeased, with these two not very youthful lovers. It is all so very drab—drab folks in a drab environment; there is not a gleam of humour or joviality from cover to cover. Such people exist, no doubt; but they are not the kind of people one cares to meet, even as curiosities—they are not curious enough. And if so, why should we be expected to like reading about them? To make Jacob and his Betty really vital would require an insight and constructive imagination such as Mr. Beresford has not displayed in the present case. He has given us careful photographic reproductions from middle-class society.

THE RAT-PIT. By PATRICK MACGILL. Herbert Jenkins. 6*s*. net.

This is a welter of misery and squalor. It is to the author's credit that the Irish and the Scotch surroundings of his characters are suggestively differentiated—more so, indeed, than the personages themselves, who are rather deficient in distinctive features; altogether, the volume bears the stamp of veracity and first-hand experience. The

technique shows considerable improvement on the last work of Mr. Macgill. But he strikes us as not yet having attained a proper distance from the life he describes. There is little *substance* in the tale; and it is not only spun out to excessive length, but also liable to degenerate into melodrama, as in the closing scene, or in that meeting of brother and sister that recalls Maupassant's story *Le Port.* The chief defect is this : that the handling is not sufficiently objective to turn the book into a purely artistic achievement, while, on the other hand, it is too impersonal (not bitter enough) to gain its fullest possible force as an indictment of certain social conditions. Lastly, we venture to think that the reader's sympathies will not be sharpened, but blunted, by such a litany of suffering. Instead of rising exasperated from its perusal and vowing vengeance on a system which permits such atrocities, he will heave a sigh of relief and feel thunderingly glad that the heroine has at last thought fit to die. Now, whose fault is that? Is it the author's yet defective sense of measure, or the publisher's determination to have so many (unnecessary) thousand words for this six-shilling venture?

BRUNEL'S TOWER. By EDEN PHILLPOTTS. Heinemann. 6*s.*

This novel has a setting of unusual interest—one of those old countryside potteries with their immemorial craftsmanship, their peculiar lore, their traditions of technique handed down from father to son. And the artistic delineation of the characters has that delicate touch, that cleanliness and restraint, to which we are accustomed from Mr. Eden Phillpotts. It is the kind of book that deserves to be widely read not only for its intrinsic attractions, the beauty of its style, and the charm of the Devonshire landscape which it describes, but for the deep human problem it touches. For it deals with a clash of ideals—a conflict of two moralities, the old and (possibly) the new. The author has worked out this theme with fine philosophy and discrimination.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

THE HEALING OF NATIONS. By EDWARD CARPENTER. George Allen and Unwin. 2*s.* net.

This collection of thoughtful papers (two of their number have already appeared in the pages of the ENGLISH

REVIEW) should be read by all who wish to look a little deeper into the causes which underlie Germany's attitude towards us and our Allies. The exposition is lucid in the extreme, the arguments convincing; there is no rhetoric, no invective, no piling up of statistics. It is a book by a man who has delved down to the roots of the matter, who has pondered the issues, immediate and remote, that are involved in the present conflict—a hopeful book, and one that cleanses the mind.

NAPOLEON IN EXILE: ST. HELENA. By NORWOOD YOUNG. 2 vols. Stanley Paul. 32*s*. net.

We have already had occasion to speak well of Mr. Norwood Young's study of Napoleon in exile at Elba. The present volumes attain the same high standard of research, and may well be found even more interesting than that other one, by reason of the tragic gloom that involves this period of the Emperor's history. The author personally visited St. Helena in order to obtain first-hand knowledge of local conditions; he has gone through the enormous literature of this last phase with great diligence and discrimination; he presents the fruits of his labours in pleasing form. Figures like those of O'Meara and Hudson Lowe stand out clearly and often in a new light —"General Bonaparte" himself is shown in all his spectacular pathos. Quite a feature of this work are the hundred odd illustrations from the wonderful collection of Mr. Broadley; the publisher, too, has done everything possible to make it attractive.

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Announcements.

THE GYPSY. A New Quarterly. The first number, to appear on 17th May, will contain literary and artistic contributions by Edmund Gosse, Richard Middleton, Walter de la Mare, Allan Odle, Albert Rothenstein, Arthur Symons, Theodore Watts-Dunton, Arthur Machen, and many others. Prospectus on application.

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